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SIXPENCE
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THE DRAWING-ROOM HELD BY HER MAJESTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON MAY 16.

Drawn by Lucien Davis, R.I.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We may not be more virtuous than our forefathers," wrote Thackeray in a famous passage, "but we are more decent." Are we better bred? What would be thought of a young man of fashion, gay in one of those sprigged summer waistcoats which I admire in shop-windows, but dare not buy, if he were to walk down St. James's Street with a cutty pipe in his mouth? Cutty! Even the word is strange to our modern ear. Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his delightful "Reminiscences," tells us that it was a short clay—this is passably intelligible—which the aspiring youth of the 'fifties wore as a decoration of a May afternoon. Imagining leader of society stepping out of White's Club with this ornament, and actually puffing tobacco smoke out of it for the enthralment of the fair! It is unthinkable. I regard Mr. McCarthy as I would a traveller who came to us with awful tales of primitive man in Equatorial Africa or the Australian bush. The pipe (whatever its virtues, and for some men they are unparalleled) is to-day impossible for reputable citizens in the London streets. It is even forbidden in some club smoking-rooms by rules which are not transgressed save by very young members. Mr. Barrie, the most ardent devotee of the pipe I know, might smoke it in Thrums, but would not venture even to carry it in his hand along Piccadilly. Mr. Barry Pain is a fearless man who might brandish his pipe on the top of an omnibus; but when he descended to the pavement he would smuggle it into the large loose pocket of a velvet jacket, and try to look as if his lips knew not the taste of amber.

But if there were no pipes in the 'fifties (at least, in the public view), there were also no perambulators. Think of it, you fond mothers, and you nurses in dainty caps and white ribbons! I sit in the Row of a morning, and gather (in metaphor) aristocratic babies to a vast paternal heart. That is the place to see the very pink and cream of England's infancy. I mean no disrespect to the babies who flourish out of London. If they could assemble in the Row, I should class them, no doubt, among their peers, and offer them those nods and becks and wreathed smiles with which any sympathetic observer greets the prettiest children of his casual acquaintance. But how much of this homage is due to the perambulator? In the Park I see perambulators which dazzle me with white and gold, with silk-lined hoods and embroidered cushions, amid which are ensconced the be-laced and be-frilled darlings of plutocratic mammas. With what pride the nurses (themselves pictures of fashionable ease and elegance) wait upon these young gods and goddesses! If you are so far overcome by the beauty of some baby girl as to tender her the homage of a presumptuous hand, which touches a dimple and finds it real, not celestial, you know at once from the disdainful propriety of the nurse that the little fingers which close confidingly on your own are those of a noble family. I am sentimental on this subject (advancing years will soften the sternest of us!), and I hope I can discriminate between the aristocratic perambulator and the plebeian; but I am thinking of the 'fifties, when the nurse had to carry this young effulgence of our old nobility. In those days baby would have smiled at me over her nurse's shoulder (an aching shoulder, for even the infant aristocrat has her avarice-dupos), and I should have smirked at her with a cutty pipe between my pearly teeth!

Mr. McCarthy does not tell us what were the fashionable colours in the years of his apprenticeship. Was mauve invented then? I ask the question timidly, because Mr. Grant Allen, who is an authority on evolution, says that mauve is the refuge of the incompetent—meaning, I presume, that ladies who sport that colour don't know how to dress. Now I turn to the millinery department of the daily paper and I read that mauve was the "prevailing colour" at the last Drawing-Room. Does incompetence reign under the very eyes of the presiding deities of costume? If Mr. Grant Allen be right, mauve ought to be prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain. Who shall decide between a distinguished evolutionist and the master of the Court ceremonies? I cannot undertake so grave a responsibility, and I submit that a plain citizen ought not to be left painfully oscillating between two such authorities. Perhaps Mr. Grant Allen thinks that mauve is a decadent tint, which ought to be foreign to the healthy instincts of womanhood; or is he simply ambitious to be an arbiter of fashion and throw science to the dogs? On this principle mauve may go the way of Maud. Maud was once a name of high poetic distinction. It was summoned into the garden in the early morning by lovers who expressed themselves in creditable verse. Then it passed through the christenings of the prosaic middle-classes, till it lighted on the humble workaday maidens of Bermondsey. If you own a perambulator in the Park, wherein rides the daughter of your high-bred line, you do not call her Maud. Perhaps you will not even dress her by-and-by in mauve. It will be a cast-off colour which ought to find its asylum in the necks of mere men.

We are too apt to take certain peculiarities of man as fundamentals. I daresay that the young buck who smoked

a cutty pipe was quite unable to imagine a time when it would be banished to the public-house bar. In some old lodging-houses you will discover a pipe-rack, evidently a relic of the period when Mr. McCarthy was beginning to observe his contemporaries. I have known a tolerably experienced citizen ask his landlord what this emblem might signify, as if he had come across some enigmatical trace of the Middle Ages. These changes in the habits of man encourage some philanthropists to hope for a still more searching reformation. There is Lady Carlisle, for instance, who has been discussing on the prospects of universal peace. She thinks the most effectual way to work for this end is to discourage in boys "the spirit of rivalry, self-assertion, and vainglory." When little boys are meek and long-suffering, we may see the beginning of the Millennium. When Reginald Cuff ceases to tyrannise over his juniors, and William Dobbin, popularly known as "Figs," is not moved to Homeric wrath by the spectacle of a big boy bullying a fag, the lust of battle may die out of the nations. Probably there are many readers who still delight in those stirring pages of "Vanity Fair" which describe the victory of the despised "Figs" over the magnificent Cuff. They must try to accustom themselves to the thought that fond and discerning mammas will so train their boys for a public school that the playing-fields of that institution will not witness the prowess of Dobbin, and no boy will ever shock his tutors by appearing in school with two lovely black eyes.

No rivalry, no self-assertion, no vainglory! Can you conceive human nature, young or old, without these attributes? I admire the fresh enthusiasm of Lady Carlisle, who thinks that the primitive animal we call a boy can be tamed to some feminine ideal of unobtrusive moral worth. She expects him to forego not only the satisfaction of punching the head of Tompkins Major, but even the higher delight of eclipsing that champion in the eyes of Smith Minor's sister. Yes, such is the prodigious scope of Lady Carlisle's reforming zeal that she hopes to transform the Queens of Beauty who preside over the tournaments of adolescence into shrinking saints who will faint at the sight of a clenched fist, and rebuke the vainglory of boxing-gloves. There is to come a day when nobody will read without a thrill of horror the literature which celebrates the rivalry of men for the love of woman, from Homer to Calverley, from the Siege of Troy to the chronicle of that great fight for the smiles of the mature lady who was "an angel simply."

We met, we planted blows on blows,
We fought as long as we were able—
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable.

When there are no rivals there will be no more bottle-noses. The Peace Conference at the Hague, you see, is premature, because small boys are still prancing on the stricken field; but when Lady Carlisle has perfected her scheme for the preservation of noses, the plenipotentiaries of the Powers may meet with a decent prospect of putting an end to armaments.

It looks incredible, and yet marvels quite as great happen every day. Who could have expected millionaires to achieve the ideal of dying poor? Here is Mr. Andrew Carnegie, reputed to be worth forty millions sterling, who says he will be for ever disgraced if death should find him still a rich man. Millionaires have many anxieties; but this dread of seeing the phantom with the bony finger, and hearing him say, "Your time is ripe, and still you are full of riches," and of beholding at the same moment the vision of the camel in the parable trying to pass through the needle's eye—I say this experience of discomfort is distinctly new and surprising. If anybody had told Jay Gould that a fellow-millionaire would crave to be a pauper before dying, he would not have believed it. I suppose Mr. Carnegie's example will now spread like wildfire. Millionaires are scanty in my acquaintance, but I expect every one of them to tap me on the shoulder in the street, and say, "My dear friend, I have a presentiment that my end is not far off. Here's my cheque-book. Please fill it up to the tune of forty millions. I have kept half-a-crown for immediate necessities, but I hope to spend to-morrow night in a Salvation Army shelter." This would make me a millionaire, and then— Well, I will not commit myself to any hasty pledges.

May I suggest a new occupation for millionaires who are retiring from their millions? They must know the peerage pretty well. Where the millions are, there the peers are gathered together—I mean for the purpose of philanthropy. Never was the average peer (so I read in an evening paper) so refined, cultivated, and philanthropic as he is to-day. Very often he is poor. You sometimes hear that he has turned his title and estates into a limited company. Still, he must have helped the millionaire in many good works; and, in return, the millionaire might write a novel in his praise. The ordinary novelist (so that evening paper says) describes the peer, in pure ignorance, as "a dolt or a snob." Why tolerate such gross injustice? Let the millionaires write novels and earn the gratitude of the maligned nobles who throng "Debrett."

A LOOK ROUND.

The Queen's visit to London this week is one of the most memorable episodes of her reign. Her Majesty will have celebrated her 80th birthday by the gift of a portion of her Birthplace to the nation, and by laying the foundation-stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum with an imposing ceremonial. Between these two acts there is a link of unique interest, for at Kensington Palace the Queen was born, and the Victoria and Albert Museum will represent the completion of a work in which the Prince Consort took the keenest personal interest.

It was most natural and fitting that prior to the transfer of the public part of the Palace to its new custodians, the Queen should visit the old pile of unpretentious red brick which has such interesting memories of William and Mary, of Queen Anne, and of the childhood of Victoria. Her Majesty made this little expedition in a very quiet and unceremonious way, greatly appreciated by a multitude of spectators, who recognised the peculiarly simple and domestic character of the occasion. When the Queen arrived at Paddington Station it was thought by some observers that the burden of eighty years pressed heavily on the beloved monarch; but at Kensington Palace all trace of fatigue had vanished, for her Majesty entered with the liveliest interest into the associations of her girlhood, greeting with delight the relics that were brought before her, and giving to the party gathered round her wheeled chair the most animated history of such objects as made special calls upon her memory.

Sir Henry Irving has been compelled to relinquish the part of Robespierre for a brief interval by an influenza cold. This is not, in any sense, a return of the illness which laid him by for six months. His doctor has simply decided that the fatigue of playing every night retards his recovery, and has ordered him to rest. Roberpierre, for the present, is interpreted by Mr. Laurence Irving.

At the Royal Opera Wagner remains in highest favour, with M. Jean de Reszke as his melodious arch-priest. The favourite Polish tenor has done nothing finer than his Lohengrin and Tristan of the present season. Van Dyck, admirable as Tannhäuser on Monday, was down for the hero of "Die Walküre" on Thursday. In drama, Mr. Tree has returned to his old love at Her Majesty's, and reappeared with marked success in "Captain Swift"; and the delightful costume play of "A Court Scandal" has shifted its quarters to the Garrick.

"House full" is an announcement to which we are accustomed in the case of the theatre which is fortunate enough to secure a play that draws the town; but at the present rate, we shall look for it outside our hotels. It appears that it is impossible to get rooms for love or money (the latter being, perhaps, the most potent factor in such cases) at the best hotels just now. The war last year kept the Americans at home, but they are determined to make up for lost time this. As a consequence, the West, like the East, has its housing problem. It is almost a new sensation to be crowded out of hotels in London at the opening of the season, but we may yet live to see the Savoy Theatre transfer to its neighbour, the hotel, the placard, "Standing room only."

PEACE-WORK.

Tommy Atkins, Jack Tar—you ought both to be trembling, For where will you be when all fighting shall cease? In the House in the Wood are the nations assembling, The Czar bids them ponder the *keeping the peace*. Of singular hardness the job. Of deductions The easiest this, that the hardness increases When the task becomes plural, and won't there be ructions If, when China gets broke, they start *keeping the pieces*?

Whatever may happen to the Australian cricketers at present in this country they will have every reason to remember the opening portion of their tour. Hearty welcome has been accorded them at Lord's, at Kennington Oval, the Crystal Palace, the Sports Club, and elsewhere, but none of these institutions have outdone our climate in liberality. It has showered its samples about in most prodigal fashion—darkness, rain, wind, and chill all in their turn. Not unlike our weather has so far been the cricket of our very good friends. Their moral victory over the South of England at the Crystal Palace, where S. E. Gregory made 124 and M. A. Noble 116, seemed to confirm the good reports of the strength of the team; and at Leyton, against Essex, the success of H. Trumble (eight wickets for 79 runs) with the ball increased our faith, and ill prepared us for the easy prey the Colonials proved subsequently for Young and Mead, two of the eastern county's best bowlers. "Not quite the team they appeared to be," was the opinion formed after the defeat by Essex, and, consequently, the visit to Surrey's home was awaited with additional interest. At Kennington Oval, at which famous spot the Prince of Wales would have been present on Tuesday but for the weather, which was again showery, W. P. Howell came off with flying colours, taking all ten of the wickets in Surrey's first innings, and at a cost of 28 runs only. What is wanted now is an opportunity of seeing the Australians in a match played on a fast wicket and in warm and bright weather. When shall we get it?



THE ORANGE HALL AT THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD, WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE ASSEMBLES.

A notable feature of the House in the Wood, erected in memory of a Prince of Orange by his widow, is this Hall, decorated with allegorical paintings.



FOOTBALL IN CRETE: HOW THE BRITISH SOLDIER AMUSES HIMSELF.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY A. J. PITMAN, SOUTHAMPTON.

The players belong to two Companies of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade. Their playground is the untaffed barrack square, where they enjoy their game in spite of a thermometer at 82 degrees in the shade.



THE QUEEN IN LONDON: HER MAJESTY EN ROUTE TO KENSINGTON PALACE, MAY 15.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN AND KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

On Wednesday, favoured by real Queen's weather, her Majesty proceeded to South Kensington and laid the foundation-stone of the new Victoria and Albert Museum buildings, described on another page. At quarter past four the Queen left Buckingham Palace in a semi-State landau drawn by four bay horses, and escorted by the 2nd Life Guards. Fifteen minutes later she arrived at the Pavilion erected on the site of the new Museum. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and was received at Kensington, amidst the blare of trumpets, by the Lord President of the Council, the First Commissioner of Works, and the authorities of the South Kensington Museum. The royal carriage was driven alongside the platform within the pavilion where the stone was to be laid, and where the Prince of Wales and other members of



CASKET PLACED BY THE QUEEN UNDER THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

the royal family were assembled. After the singing of the National Anthem the Lord President read to the Queen an address describing the origin and objects of the building, and requesting her authority to name it the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Queen returned a written reply, whereupon the Lord President presented a casket which, by the assistance of the Prince of Wales, was placed in a cavity under the stone. The Lord President then handed a trowel to her Majesty, who, with the assistance of Mr. Aston Webb, the architect of the building, laid the stone "well and truly." A madrigal, written by the Poet Laureate and composed by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, was sung by the students of the Royal College of Music, and the proceedings closed with the Benediction, pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The carriage procession was then reformed, and the Queen drove at once to Paddington, en route for Windsor.

The casket which was placed beneath the stone was prepared by Sir George Chubb, and presented by him for her Majesty's use. It is made in beaten copper with gold enrichments, is oblong in shape, and has a domed lid surmounted by the Imperial crown on a cushion. The interior, in which the records and coins were placed by the Queen, is lined with royal blue velvet. The casket was finally closed by a small gold key of very elegant design bearing the initials V. R. I. with a crown above.

QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

On May 16 her Majesty in person held the fourth Drawing-Room of the season at Buckingham Palace. Although the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of York were absent, there was a large royal circle, and a full attendance of the diplomatic body. The weather was unpleasant, and the crowd in the Mall was scarcely enthusiastic. At three o'clock the Queen entered the Throne-Room. Her Majesty wore her Court robes of black, with the royal orders and many jewels. She received all the *entree* people and those in the first room, and then retired. Princess Christian, who was also in black, taking her place. The Duchess of York wore green moiré antique. There was a full list of débantes.

SKETCHES IN CRETE.

The new ruler of Crete, styled "High Commissioner" of the Great Powers of the European Concerted Protectorate, his Highness Prince George of Greece, has removed his residence from Halepa, near the town of Canea, to the more historical city of Candia, which was formerly the Venetian capital. He has appointed a Ministry of native Cretan notables, and seems conscientiously resolved to administer just and equal government alike to the Greek Christian and to the Moslem inhabitants. The latter constituting nearly one-third of the total population of the island, and owning most of the house and land property in and around the chief seaport

towns of the north coast, it is desirable to prevent their wholesale emigration to the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey.

THE GREAT NILE DAM.

The work of building the great Nile dams at Assouan and Assiout has made rapid progress since the contracts were signed by Messrs. Aird in February 1898. Plant and workmen have poured to the scene of the undertaking, which is now of the busiest, and would surprise Cheops himself. The masons who cut the stubborn granite of the First Cataract are picked Italians from Baveno and Biella. The rest of the labourers are Maltese, Syrians, Greeks, and Arabs. On April 22 the Bab-el-Kelen channel at Assouan was successfully closed.

THE NEW ROYAL YACHT.

The launch at Pembroke Dockyard on Tuesday, May 9, of the newly built steam-yacht *Victoria and Albert*, intended to supersede the well-known vessel bearing the same name in which our Queen recently crossed and recrossed the Channel, was mentioned in our last week's publication. An illustration was also given of the scene at the ceremony performed by the Duchess of York, in commanding the new yacht to favourable and fortunate influences over the watery world. This vessel, which has been built from the design of Sir William White, the Director of Naval Construction, is much larger than the other *Victoria and Albert*, built also at Pembroke in 1855, and is adapted for longer voyages, while she will be capable of greater speed, and will afford improved accommodation. She differs, too, in her materials from her predecessors, both of which were built of wood, and the first of which, the original *Victoria and Albert*,

was broken up thirty years ago; whereas the new royal yacht is composed of steel. Her length over all is 439 ft.; the length between perpendiculars, 380 ft.; her breadth, 50 ft.; the mean draught of water, 18 ft. There will also be accommodation for a larger staff of officers and attendants. The speed of the new yacht will be considerably in advance of her predecessors.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

No. XXI.—THE SIAMESE THAMENG.

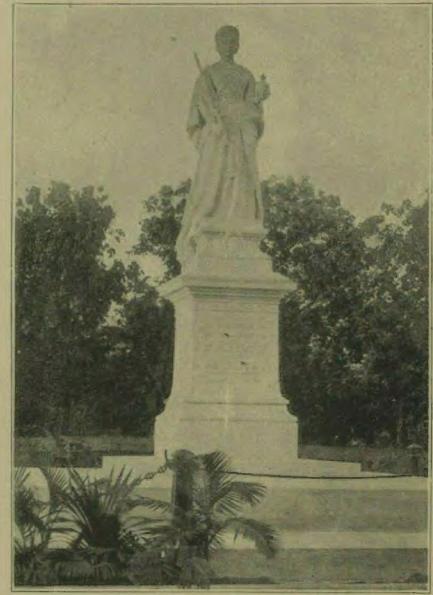
India and the countries to the east of the Bay of Bengal form the home of two groups of deer quite distinct from any of those inhabiting more northern climes. Of one group a representative has been already depicted in this Journal in the shape of the chital, or axis, and the animal forming the subject of this week's plate is a peculiar member of the second. In their present condition, while still covered with the velvet-like skin of immaturity, the antlers scarcely display their chief peculiarity to perfection; but it is possible to notice that the portion above the head forms a continuous curve with the tine projecting over the

various Sunday-schools, to the number of four thousand, to a fete in the park. Various sports, bicycle races and so on, took place, but the projected battle of flowers—an innovation there, and much looked forward to—had to be given up, owing to the high wind which prevailed during the day, and which also interfered with the Maypole dance.

Siam, and Hainan, the coat (as in our plate) is more or less distinctly spotted with yellowish, and the antlers are somewhat more branched. These deer are met with in large herds in the interior of Burma, where they feed largely on growing rice. R. LYDEKER.

STATUE TO THE QUEEN AT DURBAN.

Wednesday, April 19, was observed as a general holiday in Durban, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of her Majesty in commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. The statue stands in the Town Gardens facing the Town Hall, and is the work of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. The Governor, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, had come down from Maritzburg to take the principal part in the proceedings, and the Mayor invited the children of the



Photo, supplied by M. K. Maylan, Durban.
DIAMOND JUBILEE MEMORIAL STATUE TO THE QUEEN AT DURBAN.

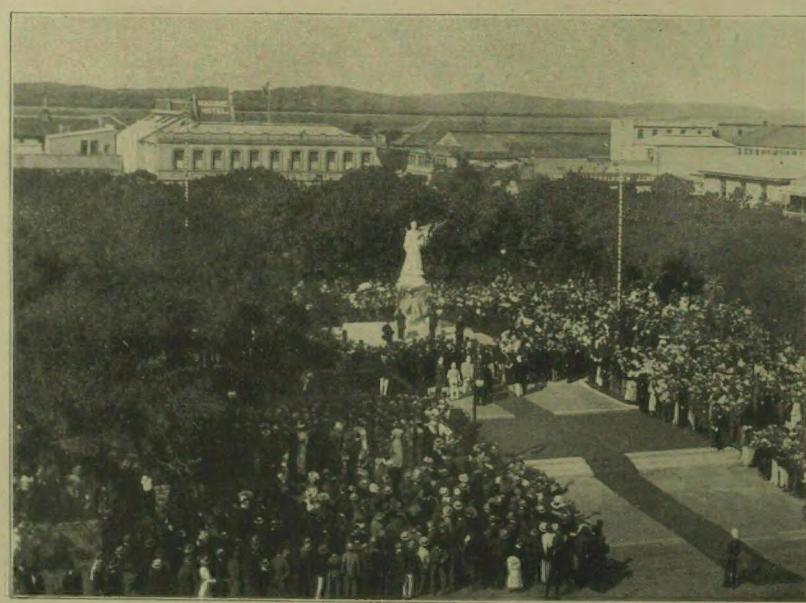
various Sunday-schools, to the number of four thousand, to a fete in the park. Various sports, bicycle races and so on, took place, but the projected battle of flowers—an innovation there, and much looked forward to—had to be given up, owing to the high wind which prevailed during the day, and which also interfered with the Maypole dance.

TRAVELLING IN NORTH CHINA.

The Chinese have many things among their institutions which call forth the praise of travellers, but Chinese roads are not among them. In more senses than one the Celestials ought to "mend their ways." Confucius has left the saying that "a smoother of a way is a benefactor of his species," but visitors to the Flowery Land in the present day would come to the conclusion that such benefactors have been scarce for a long time past. Whoever has visited Peking will remember the piece of road from Tungchow to the capital; it forms an evidence that there had been at one time good roadmakers in China, or some Board of Works that attended to such matters. This road is formed in a very substantial way of large, long blocks of granite. Now, or at least not many years ago, there were great spaces where the blocks had left the ground bare, and the rain and floods had in the course of time produced deep gullies, which might be described as ravines, across it. Fragments only of a similar road may also be found on the way from Peking to the Great Wall. Our illustration shows that where there had been danger on the highways, watch-towers had been in former times erected for the purpose of protection. Railways, as they are great smoothers of the way, would have been highly approved of by Confucius, and there is no doubt that they will be appreciated in a practical way by the Chinese. Shansi, from which one of our illustrations comes, is the province on the west and south of Peking. It is in this province where the extensive coal-fields are situated.

They are said to be so vast that the supply of coal from them will be nearly inexhaustible. The wheel in the flour-mill is of a type that is found in Afghanistan and the Himalayas, and possibly all the way between these regions and China. The advantage of this wheel is that it simplifies the gearing. One of the mill-stones is merely fixed above to the axle of the water-wheel, and revolves along with it; and by this means cog-wheels or other machinery become unnecessary.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.



UNVEILING THE QUEEN'S STATUE AT DURBAN ON APRIL 19.

PERSONAL.

The late Earl of Wharncliffe, who died on May 13, was the first Earl and third Baron of the name, and the grandson of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. He was born in 1827, and was educated at Eton, whence he passed to the Grenadier Guards. He succeeded to the barony in 1855, and in the same year married the second daughter of the third Earl of Harewood. In 1876 Baron Wharncliffe was advanced to the dignities of Earl of Wharncliffe and Viscount Carlton. The late Earl was in former days a keen sportsman. He was a Broad Churchman and a Conservative, but took little active interest in politics. The funeral took place on Wednesday at Worthley, the deceased Earl's famous seat in Yorkshire.

The Earl of Strafford, who, we deeply regret to have to record, was accidentally killed by an express train at Potter's Bar Station on the evening of May 16, was born in 1831, and was educated at Eton. He served for a time in the Coldstream Guards, and was Honorary Colonel of the 7th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps. Since 1874 he had been an Equerry to the Queen. Lord Strafford was descended in the female line from the unfortunate Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, being the great-great-grandson of Lady Anne Wentworth, Strafford's daughter.

Mr. William Henry Brittain is a notability to whose useful public services it is particularly opportune to call attention in a week which has seen regal honour bestowed upon the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Brittain is

Monsignor Brindle, "best beloved of priests," as a picturesque chronicler of Omdurman styled him, is in every sense a typical member of the Church militant. His record as an Army chaplain has already been dealt with, and needs only brief recapitulation. He served in Egypt from 1882 to 1884 and was decorated. In the first Soudan Campaign he was three times mentioned in despatches. In 1895 he became a chaplain of the first class. For the Dongola Campaign he was again mentioned in despatches, and received the medal and clasp and the 3rd Class of the Medjidieh. His promotion to be Bishop-Auxiliary of Westminster has come as a well-deserved honour to one who has done yeoman service for his fellows.

The late Mr. Tom Nickalls, well known on the London Stock Exchange and in the sporting world, died on the evening of May 10 at his residence, Pattison Court, Redhill, aged seventy-one. Early in life Mr. Nickalls went to the United States, but returning in 1845, began business as a stock jobber. In business he was successful, and found considerable leisure to devote to sport. Upwards of twenty years ago he became Master of the Surrey Staghounds. He maintained a good pack of hounds and a stock of deer at Carshalton Park. His sons are the famous carvers Messrs. Guy and Vivian Nickalls.

Sir William Anson, who has been elected without opposition to succeed the late Sir John Mowbray as Parliamentary representative of Oxford University, has been Warden of All Souls' College since 1881. He was educated at Eton and Balliol, and became Fellow of All

that actor's Napoleon. Sarcey's views were sometimes narrow, but he combined fine qualities of mind with great personal dignity—a rare combination in Parisian journalism.

The Kaiser's new play, which he is believed to have inspired, if not actually written, has been produced at Wiesbaden. It is all about the glories of some of the early Hohenzollerns. The audience appears to have been liberal of applause, but rumour has it that the piece was thought rather dull, and the dresses magnificent. That criticism applies to many modern plays, so the Kaiser's production is quite in the movement.

Lord James of Hereford has succeeded the late Lord Herschell as Chairman of the Imperial Institute. The new Chairman has announced a change of policy in the administration of that department. There are to be no more concerts, which have made the Institute a place of popular entertainment rather than a serious organ of the Empire. Moreover, the London University is to be invited to move from Gower Street to this palace in South Kensington. That ought to be a welcome change for many of the students.

Miss Helen Gould does not propose to forfeit her millions after the example of Mr. Carnegie, but she is rapidly acquiring in the United States the repute which Baroness Burdett-Coutts has enjoyed in England. Her services during the recent war between America and Spain have been recognised by popular testimonials from all parts of the Union. The New York Fire Brigade has presented



Photo. Russell.
Mr. J. CARVELL WILLIAMS, M.P.,
New President of the Congregational Union.



Photo. S. George, Santiago.
MR. AUDLEY GOSLING,
Envoy Extraordinary to Chili.



Photo. Hubert.
MONSIGNOR BRINDLE,
New Bishop-Auxiliary of Westminster.

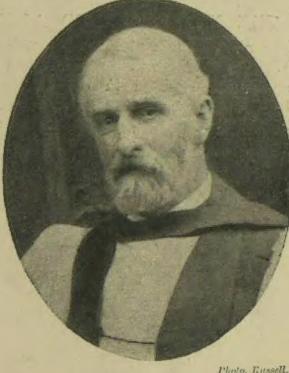


Photo. Russell.
THE REV. G. C. FISHER,
New Bishop-Suffragan of Ipswich.

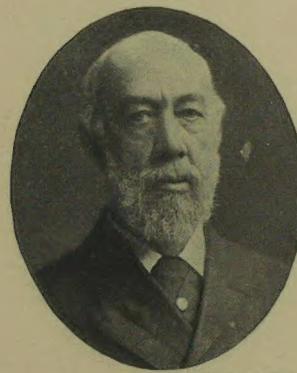


Photo. Windom and Grove.
THE LATE EARL OF WHARNCLIFFE.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE EARL OF STRAFFORD.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. TOM NICKALLS.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR WILLIAM ANSON,
New M.P. for Oxford University.

President of the Museums Association of the United Kingdom, and is justly a highly esteemed and an eminent citizen of Sheffield. For the past thirty years he has interested himself in the development of the museums and art galleries of his native city. He has also taken an honourable part in the municipal life of Sheffield, having held with distinction the posts of Mayor, Master Cutler, and President of the Chamber of Commerce. In 1883 he had the honour of entertaining the late Prince Albert Victor of Wales; and in 1897, when her Majesty opened the grand new Town Hall at Sheffield, Alderman Brittain acted as Chairman of the Committee of Reception.

Mr. J. Carvell Williams, M.P. for the Mansfield Division of Nottinghamshire, has been elected President of the Congregational Union for the year 1900. He is well known as the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Liberation Society, of which he was for thirty years secretary. Mr. Carvell Williams practised for some years as a lawyer, but has latterly been entirely engaged in public duties. His published works, which are considerable, relate to Disestablishment, the Burial Laws, and kindred subjects. He was for many years editor of the *Liberator*, and has contributed to various journals. He is a connoisseur of art, a bookman, and a traveller, and above all, of course, an ardent Free Churchman.

Mr. Audley Gosling, whose rank as Minister Resident to Chili has been raised to that of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, entered the diplomatic service in 1859, after serving for two years in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Before his appointment as British Minister to Central America in 1890, and his subsequent transfer to Chili, he held successively the posts of First Secretary to H.M.'s Embassies at Madrid and St. Petersburg.

Souls in 1867. Two years later he was called to the Bar, and from 1874 to 1881 was Vinerian Reader in English Law. In 1880 he contested West Staffordshire, but was unsuccessful. Among his many appointments are a Fellowship of Eton and the Vice-Chancellorship of Oxford University, which office he has just vacated. In 1892 he became an Alderman of the city of Oxford, and two years later was Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Oxford. His chief publications are the "English Law of Contrast" and "The Law and Custom of the Constitution."

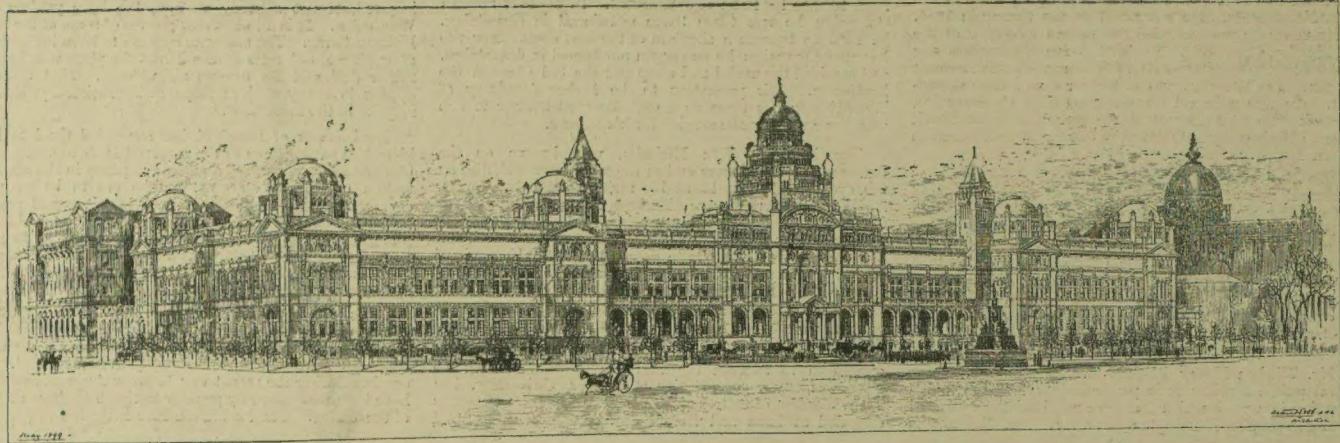
Her Majesty has approved the appointment of the Right Rev. George Carnac Fisher to be Bishop-Suffragan of Ipswich, in the diocese of Norwich. Dr. Fisher was until last year Bishop-Suffragan of Southampton, a position from which he had to retire owing to family considerations. He had previously been in charge of many important parishes, including those of St. George, Barrow-in-Furness; St. Nicholas, Beverley; and Croydon. He possesses property in the diocese of Norwich, and at present is serving in the parishes of Burgh, St. Margaret, and Billockby, which are in his own gift.

Mr. Francisque Sarcey, the distinguished French critic, has died at the age of seventy. He had a brilliant career at the Ecole Normale, and wrote philosophical treatises of a very original and daring character before he devoted himself to the theatre in the columns of the *Tempo*. "Uncle Sarcey," as he was affectionately called in Paris, was the butt of the young wits who regarded his views of the stage as old-fashioned. He was, however, that rare kind of butt who can hold his own against all comers. Nobody scored off him with impunity—witness his admirable reply to Coquelin, who said he was in his dotage because he attacked

her with its badge in solid gold as a token of admiration for her prompt benevolence to the homeless fugitives from the luckless Windsor Hotel. The daughter of Jay Gould bids fair to confer a much-needed lustre on her name.

PARLIAMENT.

The Government have reconsidered their position with regard to the new Pacific cable. There has been much discontent with what is considered the niggardly contribution of the Treasury to this project. Lord Aberdeen pressed this view on the House of Lords, and Lord Selborne promised to see what could be done. In the Commons there is another flutter over the action of Russia in China. It was hastily supposed that the new Anglo-Russian Agreement had checked Russian pressure on the Chinese Government for a time, but the truth is that, by a clause in the Agreement, Russia is entitled to make the very demand she is now putting forward—namely, the demand for a railway concession between Manchuria and Peking. Mr. Brodrick declared that such a concession would not interfere with British interests in the valley of the Yangtze. Sir Howard Vincent vainly tried to persuade the Chancellor of the Exchequer to exclude the Colonies from the operation of the increased duties on wines under the Budget. He said that to levy this increase on Colonial wines against the protests of Colonial Governments would be to discourage trade within the Empire. Sir Michael Hicks Beach replied that the protests came from colonies which levied protective tariffs on British goods; but, finally, the Chancellor of the Exchequer agreed to reduce the extra duty on all the lighter wines, foreign and colonial. The London Government Bill made very rapid progress, owing to the tact of Mr. Balfour.



THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON: THE MAIN FRONTAGE, TOWARDS CROMWELL ROAD, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

Designed by Mr. Aston Webb, A.R.A.

THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

The new Museum at Kensington, designed by Mr. Aston Webb, A.R.A., will present when completed the fine appearance depicted in our Illustration. The present buildings cover 180,000 ft.; the new buildings will add 250,000 ft., so that obviously the space will be much more than doubled. The new buildings are to have a main frontage to Cromwell Road of 700 ft.—as nearly as possible the same as that of the Natural History Museum—with a returned frontage in Exhibition Road of close on 300 ft. The two frontages will be entirely occupied by two galleries, of which there will be three floors, two of them lighted from the side and one from the roof. The remainder of the site will be covered with large, top-lighted courts, arranged on the same general principle as those already existing; but great efforts have been made to simplify the plan, so that visitors

will be able to find their way about easily. Entering under the central feature of the main facade in Cromwell Road, one will reach a great central hall from which there will stretch out a series of galleries extending along the entire front, and giving, as seen from either end, a clear vista of some 600 ft. Staircases on the right and left of the main entrance will lead to the upper galleries. From the central hall the visitor who passes straight on will enter the central court, and this will lead direct to the present sculpture gallery; but on each side of the central court there will be other large courts. Altogether, a total of eight fresh courts will be provided, in addition to the three floors of galleries extending along the entire frontages. In Exhibition Road there will be a second entrance, which will also lead direct to the sculpture gallery, and afford another easy means of access to the greater part of the Museum. It will also be connected with the railway subway.

THE GREAT EXPLOSION AT ST. HELENS. About half-past ten on the morning of May 12 a terrific explosion took place at Kurtz's Chemical Works, St. Helens. The works, which are controlled by the United Alkali Company, are situated on a high bank of waste between Peasley Cross and Langtree Street. Fire broke out in a chlorate tank, and spread rapidly through the building, where 150 tons of chlorate of potash were stored. While the employés were endeavouring to escape, a tremendous explosion destroyed the whole of the chlorate plant, a huge travelling crane was splintered like match-wood, and the neighbouring offices were wrecked. A burning beam crashed into a gasometer, fortunately without causing another explosion. Terrible panic prevailed in the town, and business was paralysed. When a search was instituted it was found that five men had been killed and nearly a dozen injured, while minor casualties were very numerous.



GASOMETER WRECKED BY FALLING DÉBRIS.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHLORATE PLANT.



THE VITRIOL CHAMBERS.



PEASLEY CROSS LANE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

SCENES OF THE GREAT EXPLOSION AT ST. HELENS.

From Photographs by J. C. Cotton, St. Helens.

WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT

by
W.E. Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY T. AUSTEN BROWN, R.I., AND C. S. CHARLES.

"I MAKE you a handsome allowance, which I can ill afford to continue in these hard times," said Lord Wellingborough, oratorically addressing his son and heir. "I don't ask or expect you to work for your living; but I do expect you to marry money. Consequently, you won't marry my wife's niece with my consent, and you can't marry her without it; because, as sure as you are born, I'll cut you off with a shilling if you do."

Lord Wellingborough was a man of between fifty and sixty, whom some people called a screw, while others maintained that he had for years lived beyond his income. What nobody doubted was that his second wife was a lady of expensive habits, and that she had had a roughish time of it with him of late. That he was capable of giving a roughish time to all who caused him personal annoyance his son, Lord St. Neots, knew only too well.

"Here I am," he went on, "driven out of London in the middle of the season, because Letty's extravagance was making life there impossible; driven to go off fishing in Norway, which I hate, because I really can't stay here and listen to her grumbling and growling from morning to night. And I suppose you and she think that isn't enough, since you selected this moment for asking me to sanction your engagement to Aline Fraser, a girl without a sixpence to her name! Now, you'll oblige me by not saying another word about the matter. I refuse absolutely and finally. If you don't like that, the usual alternative course remains open to you."

Lord St. Neots adopted that course, obliged his father, and said nothing. One cannot, of course, marry upon the pay of a lieutenant in the Guards, nor is it wise to argue with an irritable man upon whose intermittent generosity one depends for one's daily bread. A better plan is to wait until the clouds roll by—as, in the case of irritable men, they generally do, sooner or later. That there was any immediate prospect of their doing so in Lord Wellingborough's case, St. Neots' step-mother, to whom he presently appealed for counsel and consolation, was inclined to doubt.

"He is in one of his impossible moods!" this mature but admirably and artistically preserved lady declared, with a despairing gesture. "I can't get any money out of him, even for necessary household expenses, and what is to become of me in this wretched hole while he is away, amusing himself with catching salmon, is more than I can imagine!"

Wellingborough Hall, which is one of the finest places in the Midlands, would scarcely be considered a "wretched hole" by most people, nor was it strictly true that his lordship had declined to make provision for indispensable outlay; but some latitude of statement must be pardoned to an unfortunate leader of fashion who had not only been done out of her London season, but was being pestered by creditors whose claims she dared not, for the moment, divulge.

"I deeply sympathise with you and poor Aline, my dear boy," she continued; "I always do sympathise with people who are in love—what a pity it is that they never by any chance have a penny to bless themselves with! But you must see that it is out of my power to help you just at present. You will have to possess your souls in patience, both of you. I really believe that your father, if the truth were revealed, is substantially rich, though he swears he doesn't know where to turn for five sovereigns. Let us hope that he may land a fifty or sixty pounder, and come home more amiably disposed. Meanwhile, the only advice I

can give you is to hold your tongue and make yourself scarce."

Lord St. Neots, a pleasant-looking, fresh-complexioned youth, was fain to acquiesce. He meant to marry Aline Fraser, whom he adored; but not being a fool, he recognised the futility of defying the holder of the purse-strings, as well as the advisability of biding his time.

"Only, you know, Letty," said he, "Aline must not think that I am abandoning her; she must not think that—"

"Oh, that will be all right," interrupted Lady Wellingborough impatiently; "I'll make that all right for you, Heaven forgive me! I ought, in duty and justice to the girl, to remonstrate with her; but I don't suppose she would listen to me, anyhow, and all my life I have been a martyr to sentiment."

She was really rather romantic and sentimental, really fond of her handsome stepson and her pretty niece; if she made haste to dismiss them and their love-affair from her mind, it was only because her mind was fully occupied with more urgent and more personal cares.

These pressed upon her with redoubled force on the morrow, when both father and son had departed, leaving her in the vast, silent mansion, with only Aline (who was much too young to be available as a confidante) to share her solitude. Before her, as she sat with knitted brows at her writing-table, lay a cheque for £200—representing Lord Wellingborough's idea of what she might require for current expenses—together with sundry letters, couched in somewhat insolent terms, which had arrived by the early post. Clearly, £200 would be of no sort of use to her, and her own account was terribly overdrawn; £2000 would have been a good deal more to the purpose. Half unconsciously—just to see what it would look like—she added a cypher to the figures on that stingy slip of stamped paper; immediately after which she realised that she had destroyed its value, since the written hundred could by no ingenuity be transformed into a thousand. It was a dreadfully stupid thing to have done, yet with what ease, with how slight a demand upon imitative skill, the blunder might, after all be rectified!

Pages of laborious, and probably tedious, analysis would be required to trace the process which converted Letitia, Countess of Wellingborough into a common forger. A good many forgers, it may be assumed, become criminals after much the same fashion, for she was not a bad sort of 'woman' in her way, only an excessively silly one, and she was seduced less by her chances of escaping detection (which were practically *nil*) than by admiration of her personal skill in counterfeiting her husband's scrawling fist. After numerous more or less successful rehearsals, she took her cheque-book and wrote what purported to be an order for £1250, payable to herself, and signed "Wellingborough," which struck her as a veritable work of art. Two hundred pounds would suffice to set her free from debt; the odd fifty she threw in as the fair reward of talent—and so stood astounded at her own moderation. Immediately after luncheon—a meal at which Aline, who was silent and in low spirits, begged to be excused from the customary post-meridian drive—she betook herself to the neighbouring county town and presented this document at the local bank, where it was cashed, almost without hesitation, by a young clerk. So far, so good. She had now, at least, possessed herself of the indispensable cash demanded by the present, and the future, which offered obvious problems for solution, might

be dealt with at a later date. When the dinner-hour came, she was as cheerful as her niece was melancholy, and she cheered up the latter by prophesying that happier days were in store for them both.

Aline Fraser, that golden-haired maiden all forlorn, whose blue eyes looked somewhat washed out with weeping, and whose pretty little mouth drooped dolefully at the corners, shook her head. "You are such an optimist, Aunt Letty!" she sighed.

"Well, that is better than being a pessimist, isn't it?"

"Much better for you, I dare say. But then your troubles, if you have any, can't be anything like as serious or as hopeless as mine."

"If I have any! Little do you know what holes I have got into—and out of! As for you, my dear, you will be all right, depend upon it. Your uncle, I admit, is a selfish old tyrant—I should be the last to deny that, I'm sure—but he almost always ends by giving in and sparing himself worry; all that is required is to wait for one's opportunity with him and pounce upon it. And St. Neots will be true to you through thick and thin."

"He says so, of course."

"Yes, and, oddly enough, considering what the general run of young men are, he speaks the truth. St. Neots is a model young man; he has never run up bills or got into entanglements with actresses or misbehaved himself in any way. Rich he will never be; but he is constitutionally economical and almost irritatingly straight; so you may dismiss your fears. The wedding, I should say, will take place before this year is out."

It may be that optimists are, as a rule, foolish people; but that they possess the blessed gift of dispensing consolation who can dispute? Miss Fraser went to bed comparatively happy, while Lady Wellingborough rose from a sound night's rest well-nigh superlatively so. Happiness, we are assured, consists in freedom from care; and her jewel-case contained upwards of twelve hundred pounds in notes and gold. What brought her heart into her mouth, and then caused it to sink into her boots, was the announcement, conveyed to her in the course of the morning, that Mr. Dodgson, the manager of the local bank, had called to see her upon a matter of important business. However, she had the kind of courage which is the outcome of combined ignorance and self-confidence, and she at once gave orders that he should be shown into the morning room.

The bald-headed, grey-bearded man looked ominously grave as he rose, bowing on her entrance.

"I am sorry to say, Lady Wellingborough," he began, "that I am here upon a most disagreeable errand. A cheque, bearing Lord Wellingborough's signature, but certainly not signed by his lordship, was inadvertently cashed at the bank yesterday, and—"

"It certainly was signed by his lordship," interrupted Lady Wellingborough boldly. "I presented the cheque myself, and he wrote it in my presence just before he left for Norway."

Mr. Dodgson feared that there had been some great mistake. If her ladyship would be so good as to examine the cheque which he held in his hand, and compare it with other signatures of her husband's which he had brought with him, she would perceive what he meant. In no single instance had his lordship placed the dot of the "i" above the upward sweep of the "w," nor was he in the habit of forming the final "h" without a loop.

"Oh, well, I suppose he was in a hurry," said the

amateur forger carelessly ; "he gave me the cheque at the last moment."

"I do not wish to throw any doubt upon that explanation," returned the banker ; "still, I fear that we cannot, consistently with our duty, make payment on this signature."

"But, my good man, you *have* made payment!"

It was a fact of which Mr. Dodgson was very unpleasantly aware that they had. Nevertheless, he had reason to believe that Lady Wellingborough would find herself even more unpleasantly situated than he, should she decline to refund the money handed over to her. When, despite his urgent advice and entreaties, she did decline to do any such thing, he had no choice but to state what, for the credit of the family, he would fain have abstained from mentioning.

"There is another circumstance to which I must draw your attention," said he, dropping his eyes and looking as uncomfortable as though he himself were owing to a felony. "This cheque is numbered D35,109, which shows that it has been taken from the last book which we supplied to your ladyship, not from his lordship's book."

Owing to causes which it is needless to particularise, Lady Wellingborough did not change colour ; but she was unable to repress a faintly audible gasp. Her courage and presence of mind were, however, equal to the emergency.

"I hope, Mr. Dodgson," she said, in a cold, haughty voice, "that you do not mean to accuse me of having forged my husband's name ; but really it is a little difficult to understand what else you can mean. He did, as it happens, make use of my cheque-book—he could not find his own at the moment—and if you consider that sufficient ground for making a very scandalous and impertinent charge, by all means do so. Only I certainly shall not give you back money of which it would be most inconvenient to me to be deprived during Lord Wellingborough's absence, and I am quite sure that, on his return, he will cease to keep an account with you."

The banker stroked his beard irresolutely. He was convinced that the woman was guilty ; yet he did not wish to lose an influential customer, and it was, after all, possible that Lord Wellingborough's pride might exceed his notorious parsimony.

"I beg you to believe," he answered at length, humbly enough, "that I do not dream of accusing anybody ; I am merely exercising the precautions which no man in my position is entitled to neglect. Will you, at least, oblige me with his lordship's present address?"

Lady Wellingborough regretted that it was not in her power to do so. All she knew was that her husband was bound for some river north of Trondhjem, where he might or might not linger, according to the condition of the water. He would, in any case, be home in time for the partridge-shooting. More than that she could not say, and was not at all likely to hear.

The upshot of it was that Mr. Dodgson retired discomfited, and that Lady Wellingborough kept her cash. Hints and counsels, as plain as the banker dared to make them, were wasted upon her ; she simply could not do without the money, nor could she very well resign it, unless she was prepared to make a practical confession which admitted, at all events, of being postponed.

On the following day she went up to London and sailed triumphantly into the presence of a certain dressmaker, who had been grossly impudent, but who now proved unexpectedly deferential.

"Oh, the account has been settled, thank you, my lady," this appeased tyrant announced, with a propitiatory

smile ; "his lordship called and paid it in full the day before yesterday."

"What an extraordinary thing for him to have done!" Lady Wellingborough could not help ejaculating.

But he had done even more extraordinary things than that, it appeared. He had, as she ascertained in the course of a two hours' drive, actually been round to every one of her creditors, and had discharged the whole of their claims against her. By some means or other, he must have found out what she had been sedulously concealing from him for months past, and—well, one could only conclude that his bark was worse than his bite, his recognition of a husband's duty more complete than he had ever acknowledged it to be. At first, Lady Wellingborough was delighted ; then she began to grow frightened ; finally, remorse overtook her in so acute a form that she

"I will see him hanged, drawn, and quartered first!" cried Lady Wellingborough, whose methods of expressing herself were apt to be vehement. "Do you suppose I am going to leave my reputation for ever at the mercy of that horrid old *bourgeois*?"

To do that would, no doubt, under the circumstances, have been an error in judgment on her part, and she was probably well advised in deciding to maintain a quiescent attitude pending Lord Wellingborough's return. The banker likewise remained quiescent, and during the long summer weeks which followed, her ladyship never once bothered her head about him. She did not even bother her head inordinately about her absent husband, who, when all was said, would lose nothing, or next to nothing, through the indiscreet act which she intended to avow. It is true that household and other expenses cost her rather more than

two hundred pounds, but for that he must surely have been prepared. One cannot be expected to live in absolute solitude for months together, nor did she deny herself the pleasure of entertaining numerous visitors, among whom Lord St. Neots was glad enough to be included. If by the end of August everybody did not know that St. Neots was as good as affianced to Miss Fraser, the fault certainly did not lie with the young man's stepmother and the young lady's aunt.

But when, on the Eve of St. Partride, a curt telegram was followed by the advent of Lord Wellingborough, his son and heir was no longer in the house.

"One thing at a time," the chief conspirator prudently observed to her niece ; "let us see how he takes the disclosure which I am bound to make to him about that cheque before we risk any further trials of his uncertain temper."

She was not, by this time, very much afraid of consequences. A meek, remorseful, and tearful woman was she, to all appearance, when she told the tale of her wrongdoing to her lord and master, and dramatically poured into his hands the balance of the sum which she had obtained by fraud. "It was abominable of me!" she owned ; "but I was at my wits' end. How could I imagine that you knew all about my bills, and that you were going to pay them, without saying a word about it?"

Lord Wellingborough grunted. "This comes of being quixotically liberal and trying to do good by stealth," he remarked. "I thought to myself that the loss of a London season would be punishment enough for you, and that I should be justified, after you had been

kept in suspense for

a bit, of giving you a fresh start. All I get for that, it seems, is to have my name forged by my own wife ! I suppose you realise that you are liable to be sent into penal servitude for a considerable term of years?"

"And I haven't spent the money—or, at least, only a little of it!" pleaded the culprit. "So that really there is no harm done. You won't make a disgraceful scandal—you won't betray me to Mr. Dodgson, will you, Wellingborough ?"

"Dodgson is an infernal old ass!" cried Lord Wellingborough irritably. "Oh, no ; of course I can't betray you ; of course I shall have to acknowledge that signature—which, in all probability, is too clumsy an imitation to deceive an infant—as my own. Only, you have placed me in a deuced humiliating position, Letty, and your conduct won't be forgotten, I can tell you. The next time that you have a favour to ask of me, I shall take the liberty of reminding you that, if you had your deserts, you would be busy picking oakum or something of that kind."



"I am sorry to say, Lady Wellingborough," he began, "that I am here on a most disagreeable errand."

could no longer endure it all by herself. Shortly after her return to the country that evening, her startled and horrified niece was admitted into her entire confidence.

"Now, please don't scold," she entreated ; "it isn't scolding that I need. Of course, I have done wrong, and, of course, I should never have done what I have if I could possibly have guessed that your uncle was going in for such an amazing display of generosity in his old age. But penitent as I am, I do feel that he has to some extent brought this upon himself. If he meant to pay my bills, why on earth couldn't he have told me so ? The question is, What step ought I to take now ?"

In Aline's opinion, there was but one step to be taken—confession must be made at once to Lord Wellingborough.

"But, my dear girl, I haven't the ghost of an idea where he is, and he never by any chance writes to me when he is away. It is chiefly to avoid writing and receiving letters that he indulges in these periodical disappearances."

"Then I should think you had better repay Mr. Dodgson."

Obviously, the moment for asking a favour of his lordship had not yet come; no allusion, therefore, was made to St. Neots and Aline Fraser. Yet, upon the whole, their prospects did not look so bad.

"He might," Lady Wellingborough subsequently told her niece, "have been a great deal nastier than he was. If only there are plenty of birds, and he manages to shoot pretty straight, we may begin to think about tackling him before very long."

Having matters of business to attend to in the neighbouring town, he did not shoot at all on the morrow, and was proportionately disagreeable at the dinner-hour; but on the succeeding day he sallied forth, immediately after breakfast, accompanied by a party of friends whom he had assembled, and followed by the best wishes of the ladies whom he left behind him. The elder of these had just remarked, with a sigh of relief, to the younger that they were now well over the first fence and might harden their hearts to face the second, when Mr. Dodgson's card was brought to her, with the request that she would be pleased to accord that gentleman a short audience.

With very different emotions from those which she had been at some pains to disguise on a former occasion did she sail into the room where her visitor was awaiting her. "Well, Mr. Dodgson," said she; "you have come, I suppose, to apologise."

"No doubt I owe you an apology, Lady Wellingborough," answered the banker, smiling demurely. "Since his lordship is pleased to affirm that on a given date he signed his name in a manner which he has never, to my knowledge, employed before, I can but bow and eat humble pie. Yet there are limits even to my subservience, and he has contrived, I must own, to transgress them."

"Did he curse you?" inquired Lady Wellingborough, with sympathetic interest.

"He called me an infernal officious old idiot," Mr. Dodgson replied. "An idiot I may be, although I believe that is not the opinion generally held by those who have been brought into relations with me during a long business career; but as for officiousness, all I can say is that I should not be where I am if I had not long ago recognised that it is one of a banker's first duties to ascertain who his customers are, what are their actual sources of revenue, and to a certain extent—how they are in the habit of conducting themselves in private life."

"I see what you are coming to," said Lady Wellingborough. "You didn't like being sworn at, and you want to pay him out by telling me something about his goings-on. But really, Mr. Dodgson, I don't particularly care to hear that kind of thing. My husband, who has his faults, has also his good qualities, and just now—"

"Just now the latter have, perhaps, been rendered more conspicuous to you than the former," Mr. Dodgson interrupted, a trifle impertinently. "Nevertheless, I make so bold as to think that the information which I feel it right to impart to you will partially modify your point of view. The diamonds which formerly belonged to the late Dowager Countess have always, as you are aware, been sent to us for safe custody when not required by your ladyship. Now, Lord Wellingborough removed those jewels from our care a few days prior to his departure for Norway."

"Oh, he did, did he?" cried Lady Wellingborough sharply. "[I see!]" But, after a moment of reflection, she shrugged her shoulders and resumed, "Well, I can't help it; I suppose he can do what he likes with them, since they are his property."

"But, my dear lady, that is just what they are not. Like you, I imagined, and, like you, I had been assured, that they were his; only when—actuated by the motives to which I have referred—I took the trouble to procure and examine a copy of the late dowager's will, did I discover that those jewels were bequeathed absolutely to your ladyship. Were I to keep silence upon so important a matter I should regard myself as compounding a felony," concluded Mr. Dodgson, folding his hands with an air of inexorable probity.

Lady Wellingborough could not conceal her exultation. The diamonds were doubtless sold; but she would have the price of them or she would know the reason why; likewise she would bring her brigand of a husband to a realising sense of the fact that he lived in a glass house and had consequently better refrain from throwing stones. Her abrupt laugh met with a responsive smile from Mr. Dodgson, to whom she remarked—

"You will lose his account, you know."

"Oh, I quite hope not," returned the banker, caressing his grey beard pensively. "I am the most reticent of men,

and I should not, under any circumstances, dream of divulging anybody's family secrets; yet a guilty conscience makes cowards of us all. Very likely Lord Wellingborough may fancy that it would be imprudent to quarrel with me. I should not be much surprised if he were even to beg my pardon for addressing me in the unwarrantable terms of which he saw fit to make use yesterday."

Thus the outraged Mr. Dodgson was avenged, and thus Lord Wellingborough, when he came back from shooting with a heavy bag and a benevolent countenance, found himself confronted with an accusing lady who had no notion of sparing him.

On being made acquainted with what had occurred during his absence, he buzzed about the room as if he had been stung by a wasp, and vilified the meddlesome Dodgson in no measured language; but after a time he calmed down. The case was obviously one for compromise.

"You see, Letty," said he, "what I did was neither

terms. I have a few conditions to impose. First of all, I want the money that belongs to me, after what you have paid on my behalf has been deducted from the whole sum."

"Then I'll be hanged if you'll get it!" cried Lord Wellingborough, closing his jaws firmly.

"And, in the second place, I must have your consent to St. Neots' marriage with Aline."

"Hanged if you'll get that either! Why the deuce should you want the fellow to make a preposterous marriage?"

"You wouldn't understand. I like people to be happy when there is a possibility of their being made happy, that's all. Besides, I can give you a very good reason for yielding. Aline has heard the whole story of the cheque from me."

"The more fool you for telling her, my dear! That, however, is your affair. You haven't told her the story of the diamonds, I presume?"

"Not yet; but, of course, I shall. And can you



"In other words, Wellingborough, you are no better than a common thief."

more nor less than what my poor old mother would have done, if she had had all her wits about her when she made that will. She was a sensible woman, and one can't suppose that she would knowingly have given you full control over jewels which you would have been certain to sell and replace by paste in the course of a few months. So that, for your own sake, I considered it only right to exercise a little harmless deception and represent that I was holding them in trust for you, as it were."

"How thoughtful! And, in your character of a self-appointed trustee, you consider it only right to dispose of my property and pocket the proceeds?"

"The paste substitutes will be ready soon, and neither you nor anybody else will be able to distinguish them from the originals. Furthermore, let me ask you whose fault it is if I am hard-up? Come, Letty!—your bills have been paid without a murmur, and your sins have been forgiven. I don't see that you have very much to grumble at."

"In other words, Wellingborough, you are no better than a common thief."

"Oh, if it comes to that, you are no better than a common forger."

"Yes; but I am not going to cry quits upon those

imagine that any girl, after being disappointed as you propose to disappoint her, would have the generosity to hold her tongue? Doesn't it strike you that we had better wash our dirty linen in the family circle? As it is, you will have to square Mr. Dodgson somehow."

Lord Wellingborough had perceived from the first that it must come to that. By dint of making the most of his extreme reluctance to sanction the projected match, he contrived to secure a rather more satisfactory bargain, from a pecuniary point of view, than he could have hoped to conclude with a woman less unbusiness-like, and a summoning telegram was despatched to his son the same evening.

To this day that young man is unable to account for his father's unexpected complaisance and subsequent comparative liberality; to this day, also, Lady Wellingborough remains in ignorance of the fact that the Dowager's diamonds were worth between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. Happily for the peace of the world, a few persons are to be found here and there who appreciate the beauty of silence. Lord Wellingborough has a high opinion of his daughter-in-law's discretion. He speaks well, too, of Mr. Dodgson, who has done nothing to forfeit his confidence.

THE END.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

Six years only separate us from the Jubilee of the South Kensington Museum, and it may be reasonably hoped that the buildings of which the Queen laid the foundation-stone may by that date have approached completion. The twelve acres of land on which the Museum stands were purchased of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 for £60,000—and it may be fearlessly stated that never was public money laid out for a better purpose or to greater advantage. The "Brompton Boilers," as the old iron buildings were promptly dubbed, came in for more than their fair share of ridicule. The idea of a Science and Art Department from which British workmen and manufacturers could learn anything was laughed at by the Chauvinists and Philistines of the day. The suggestion that the scheme was under Court patronage was "worked" with untiring perseverance by the Press; the Prince Consort's aims for the improvement in the Arts of Design were persistently misrepresented or misunderstood, and his prescience of the approaching industrial struggle between Great Britain and the Continent, due in some measure to the Exhibition of 1851, was ignored. It was, perhaps, lucky that the first Director of the South Kensington Museum—Sir Henry Cole—should have been impervious alike to ridicule and obloquy. Doubtless his administration of the Department was not faultless,

and bequests of the nominal value of nearly a million and a half have been received, and are now available for the public. That there seems no reason to suppose that this flow of private treasures towards the public treasure-house has ceased is evidenced by the quite recent gift of Colonel Waldo-Sibthorpe, which for connoisseurs of bric-a-brac of the best period offers a wide field of interest. In fact, it may be fairly anticipated from past experience that the opening of new and fitting galleries will attract more and more contents from private collections. At the same time, the need of large grants of public money for the purchase of works of art will gradually decline as the Museum authorities approach the realisation of their fundamental aim to illustrate the history of industrial art in its various branches in the different countries of the world.

Whilst only those who are in charge of the Museum have knowledge of the practical uses to which its treasures are turned by employees and workers, as well as by artists and students, the public at large is for the most part ignorant of the extent and range of the collections. With very few intervals the history of most of the decorative arts can now be traced. The most interesting phase, of course, is the gradual invasion of the Renaissance in every field of art and its final triumph over Gothic, as that in its day had triumphed over Greek art. It is an open question whether the practice of mingling casts and copies with original works is defensible upon artistic grounds, but from the educational

and offers endless hints to iron-workers of our day. The magnificent piece of tapestry—representing a portion of the story of Venus and Vulcan—recently acquired shows that at Mortlake, and presumably elsewhere, this art was being pursued in this country in the seventeenth century with as much skill as in Flanders and Italy, and suggests that many specimens hitherto assigned to those countries were of home manufacture. The pieces recently found beneath the panels of a house at Huntingdon—now in the Museum—apart from their historic interest, show that Mr. William Morris's designs were anticipated by tapestry-workers some centuries ago.

Among the more trivial but still attractive objects, mention should be made of the figures of Cromwell's soldiers on the newels of the carved oak staircase at Cromwell House, Highgate, from which it would seem that the Protector at one time contemplated adopting for his men uniforms which the Cavaliers might have worn without a pang. It is unnecessary, however, to particularise further. The treasures of the South Kensington Museum, as every foreigner who has written on the subject testifies, are inexhaustible, and every branch of industrial art is fairly represented, and it may be said that the need for the Department to continue collecting old specimens is no longer urgent. On the one hand, this work is now being done by private persons, with whom it is not expedient that the State should enter into competition;



BEATING THE BOUNDS: THE SCENE AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BATH.

The zigzag line shows where three London parishes meet.

and the recent inquiry has shown that some of his methods were endowed with an unfortunate vitality. At the same time, the Museum which for years to come will be associated with the names of the Prince Consort and Sir Henry Cole is an institution of which the country may well be proud, and its collections well deserve the stately building which, after much delay, is now to be given to them.

It is more than probable that the public at large is as little acquainted with the treasures which during the last forty years have been brought together at South Kensington as it is with the use—open and furtive—made by artists and manufacturers of the patterns and specimens of art work of past times. It is not claiming too much for the Science and Art Department, as an educational as well as a collecting agency, to say that the improvement, perhaps we might add the restlessness, in taste which the last five-and-twenty years have witnessed is due in great measure to the initiative and to the sustained efforts of South Kensington; and it is even more certain that the stimulus given to private bric-a-brac hunters has done more to rescue from oblivion and destruction art works of the past than the most lavish expenditure of public money could have achieved. In an indirect way, this greater reverence for the products of the past has greatly profited South Kensington Museum, for not a few of the more intelligent private collectors have recognised that their treasures would be in safer keeping and more widely available if transferred to the Museum than if left to the chances of family vicissitudes. It is estimated that while less than half a million sterling of public money has been expended on works of art for the Museum, since its origin, gifts

point of view it is inevitable, and except in the case of the substitution of plaster for marble, the copy is very likely to escape detection. The reproduction of all kinds of work, chiefly by workmen trained at South Kensington, is now brought to such a degree of excellence that copies required for local Museums and Art Schools can now be furnished as required; and the long waiting which formerly gave rise to much irritation is avoided. Among the reproductions of recent years, bearing chiefly on the history of the progress of Italian art, for which we are indebted to the late Director for Art, Mr. T. Armstrong, C.B., may be mentioned the Frieze in Terra Cotta from the Ceppo Hospital at Pistoia; the "Capello Portinari" at San Eustorgio, Milan; the model of the Sala del Cambio at Perugia, with Perugino's cartoons; the room from the d'Este Palace at Mantua, with the paintings of Mantegna and Lorenzo Costi; and the Villa Madama, on the Monte Mario at Rome. All these have been carefully reproduced to scale with all their decorations. The present Director, Mr. Purdon Clarke, has apparently turned his attention more especially to English art industry, and to him we owe the restoration of "the Inlaid Room" at Sizergh Castle, Westmoreland; the rescue of the ceiling of one of the rooms of Bromley Palace (Bromley-by-Bow) from the hands of the housebreaker. As evidence of the value of this unique specimen of early Jacobean art, it should be mentioned that a firm which has undertaken to reproduce it has already received orders which will occupy them for the next two years. The stamped iron grille from Chichester Cathedral, one of the oldest specimens of Sussex ironwork, has also been saved from ruthless restoration,

on the other hand, a new and onerous duty forces itself upon the attention of the Department. It is of paramount importance to our art workers and designers to know what is being done in their respective lines by foreign countries, and this can only be brought to their knowledge by the display of carefully chosen specimens to be purchased on those occasions when foreign workmen compete with one another. The formation of such a Museum must be a costly matter, but it cannot be avoided, and it may be hoped that in the new galleries of which her Majesty has laid the foundation-stone, proper accommodation will be found for this important development of the South Kensington Museum.

"BEATING THE BOUNDS."

The quaint old custom of "Beating the Bounds," celebrated in Rogation Week, is probably a Christianised survival of the Terminalia and Ambarvalia of the Romans. It was appointed to be observed on one of the Rogation days, which are the three days immediately preceding Ascension Day. Nowadays Ascension Day itself is often chosen for the ceremony. The crosses and bells once borne in the procession have vanished, only the staves remain, nor do the celebrants any longer "say or sing gospels to the corn." But to the youth of the parish, armed with willow wands, the day is full of excellent sport, as the choir-boys of St. Sepulchre, St. Lawrence Jewry, and Holborn found on Thursday, May 11. We give a picture of their visit to the Bath of Christ's Hospital, on the floor of which the three parishes meet.



1. Gendarmerie of Candia organised by the British Government.
2. General View of Candia, with the Greek Cathedral of St. Minas.

3. English Encampment on the Ramparts of Candia.
4. Gendarmerie Cavalry at Kharakas, in the Interior of Crete.

5. Prayer offered in Arabic in the Court of Government House
on the Day of the Kourban Bairam.

SCENES IN CRETE.

From Photographs by R. Esheddin, Candia.



THE GREAT NILE DAM: GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKS AT ASSIOUT.



THE WORKS AT ASSOUAN: CLOSING THE BAB-EL-KELEN CHANNEL ON APRIL 22.

Photographs supplied by Messrs. John Ard and Co.



THE NEW ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," LAUNCHED AT PEMBROKE ON MAY 9.

Printed by T. and T. Jefferys, Printers.



COMPANIONS.—BY VAL DAVIS.

CURRENT SCENES AND EVENTS.

The debate on the crisis in the Church was stormy enough, but it did not bring up much treasure from the deeps to the floor of the House. The most prevalent sentiment among members was, that in discussing the question they were somewhat in the position of the proverbial player with firearms. There is no knowing quite where the talk will stop once it is set going: nobody can tell how many people will feel that they have been wounded; and the mere votes in the House are not necessarily any indication of the depth and breadth of sentiment that may be stirred out of doors. The Government, with Mr. Balfour as its chief spokesman, had an easy victory enough over the party that followed Sir William Harcourt (for the recognised leader of the Liberal Party did not vote) in to the division lobby. The Bill was, in fact, rejected by 310 to 156 in favour of a Government amendment, moved by Sir Richard Webster.

The Speaker of the House of Commons is the only member who does not speak in any ordinary course of debate, but that is a deprivation which has its consolations. One of



THE RITUAL DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"What is wanted in this matter, as I have always said, is not so much a change in the law as some means of making the existing law work!"—SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

these consolations is that Mr. Gully, when he addresses a public gathering, does it with a freshness and a finish that are hardly to be expected from the work-a-day politician. He presided over the Newspaper Press Fund Dinner last Saturday night, and, in the course of his remarks made a retrospect of the relations existing between the Press Gallery and the House of Commons. Naturally he refused to treat of the days when Dr. Johnson reported the speeches of the Ministry and of the Opposition by composing them, taking care, as he observed, that the Whig dogs did not get the best of it. It was not till the end of last century that reporting proper began: the right to report the debates being denied at first by the House, who tried to arrest an offender, and had the Speaker burnt in effigy by a mob for its pains. The cause was quickly won; but the reporters, though their right was admitted, did not fare very comfortably. In the old House of Commons their gallery was behind that given to strangers: it was dark and it was stuffy. There sat Charles Dickens night after night, with his head within three feet of the ceiling. A fire is not always a catastrophe; and when the House of Commons was rebuilt in its present form, the reporters had reason to congratulate themselves on their change of quarters. In the middle of the century only twelve papers and associations had representatives in the Press Gallery. In the 'seventies, accommodation was provided for the Provincial Press; and, when the century ends, the total number of journalists having access to the Gallery will be 250.

The delegates attending the Peace Conference began to assemble at the Hague early in the week. Baron de Staal, with the members of the Russian delegation, were appropriately the first to arrive. By Wednesday the Hôtel des Indes was made unusually busy by the arrival of Count Münster and of Sir Julian Pauncefote, with their staffs. Other delegates, to the number of about one hundred and fifty in all, have found their quarters here and there; and it is long since the Hague was a centre of so much international interest. Six weeks may be supposed to be the length of the duration of the Conference's sittings, for the rooms in the hotels have been taken by common arrangement for that time. Meanwhile, the St. Petersburg committee of the Women's National League of Peace have issued an appeal to their own countrywomen, an appeal echoed in Italy and elsewhere.

A concert is to be given under the Queen's patronage at Grosvenor House on June 1 in aid of the funds of the Royal Sea-Bathing Hospital at Margate. Founded in 1791, the hospital is national, not merely local, and it claims to be the only one in the kingdom especially devoted to the treatment of tubercular diseases other than those of the lungs. The open-air treatment, lately insisted upon, is no new thing at Margate—the very place, one would imagine, for the experiment. In the view of the quadrangle of the hospital, given in our

Illustration, may be seen patients on the roof terraces overlooking the sea, and also the open verandahs round the quadrangle, into which bed-ridden patients are wheeled.

With the demolition of Newgate Prison, a veritable landmark of London will disappear. Its own death-warrant has been signed at last by the joint edict of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the City Corporation. It seems that after the destruction of Old Newgate during the Gordon Riots, the Government of the day took



THE RITUAL DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"You forbid a man under the severest penalties to utter the word 'Mass', . . . This Bill does not prevent him teaching the doctrine of the sacrifice of the Mass."—MR. A. BALFOUR.

on itself the expense of rebuilding the walls—those sombre walls that have long menaced the criminal and struck a sense of dread into the breasts of juvenile citizens, even without any outside aid from Dickens. For that old outlay, the Exchequer has now, after rather prolonged negotiation, received £40,000 from the Corporation, who will proceed with the work of demolition as soon as Brixton Prison has been enlarged—that is to say, in about two years. Then shops, warehouses, and offices will rise up in the place of the old house of detention, and cover the spot on which the gallows have so often been gauntly erected; and there will be no prison left within the City's statutory bounds.

The mails from South Australia give fuller details of the arrival there of the new Governor and his wife, Lord and Lady Tennyson. April 10 was, we learn, an idyllic autumn day, and the welcome given to the representative of the Queen and to the bearer of a name that belongs to the English language was cordial in the extreme. The father's horror of the interviewer has not been inherited by the son, who received a representative of the Press directly he reached Adelaide. He spoke of his longing for the federation of the Empire, and of patriotism as his motive for accepting the office he then entered upon with a prestige of name to which the local Press adds the weight of his own advantage of a manly figure and an eloquent tongue.

The war in the Philippines is marked each day by American advances and successes, not won without a loss of life over which America watches with patriotic solicitude,



QUADRANGLE OF THE SEA-BATHING HOSPITAL AT MARGATE.

nor without constant risks of danger such as those encountered by the signal corps seen at work under fire in the accompanying illustration. General Lawton has reported the capture of over 150,000 bushels of rice and 265 tons of sugar at Balinag, and elsewhere other large stores of food have passed to the Americans from the natives, among whom the added threat of famine may happily lead to a speedy ending of this purposeless struggle.

On Monday the Queen, with as much privacy as she could command, visited Kensington Palace. There, "in a palace in a garden," to use Lord Beaconsfield's phrase, was she born and baptised; there was she called upon to ascend the throne and to hold her first Council; there did she endure the last parting with her dying mother. These and a thousand other memories must have crowded themselves on her Majesty's mind as she made her détour on Monday through the judiciously renovated rooms of her old home, which was also the home of William and Mary (Mary died in it of smallpox) and of George II., and which now includes among its residents the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. Arriving at Paddington Station at noon, the Queen drove by way of Praed Street and the Bayswater Road to the Palace, where the Prince of Wales and Princess Louise received her, and formed part of her escort through the building to the State-rooms, to which the general public will have access on and after next Wednesday. The Queen afterwards drove to Buckingham Palace by way of Hyde Park; and here and elsewhere she was received with the cheers of crowds lining the streets through which she passed.

Life-boat Saturday, celebrated this day last week in London, was not marked by any striking display on the north side of the river. The usual collections, however, were taken

THE SITUATION IN THE PHILIPPINES: AMERICAN SIGNAL CORPS LAYING A TELEGRAPH LINE UNDER FIRE.

fitted. In the end, the cause of the contractor was triumphant, for Lord Emly mustered only eight followers against Lord Dunraven's twenty.

The number of emigrants who left Irish ports is set down as greater in the new returns than it was in those for the preceding year. It was nearly forty thousand, which would work out at 7.5 per thousand of the population, were all the emigrants natives of Ireland. But 1624 of the emigrants were aliens, a large proportion, which reduced the number of emigrating Irishmen and Irishwomen to a number that falls below any returned since 1851. About three-quarters of the emigrating men were entered as "labourers," and of the women as "servants." It is but natural to turn from these eloquent figures to the touching ballad that deals so pathetically with the Irish emigration movement.

A noiseless electric gun has, it is reported, been invented by a young man of nineteen, the son of a Portland grocer. A seven pound model of the weapon shattered a target at ranges of one mile and of five miles, and the inventor is working at a model which will weigh one hundredweight. The Admiralty, it is said, have offered a large sum for the invention, which the inventor has refused.

Much excellent work has been done during the last three years by the Colonial Nursing Association, on behalf of which Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain has issued an earnest appeal. The society selects nurses, pays their passage to the Colonies, and guarantees their salary for a term of years. The Colonial Office has recognised the usefulness of the society by taking advantage of it to provide nurses for Government institutions at Hong Kong, Cyprus, the Bahamas, Trinidad, and elsewhere. Nurses for private patients have been sent to Mauritius, Ceylon, Bangkok, and several other colonies. £5000 is required to place

this beneficent institution on a sound financial basis, and Mrs. Chamberlain confidently appeals to all interested in "our brethren in their sorrow over seas," as Kipling sings, to furnish the necessary amount. Imperialism has its larger charities as well as its wider glories, and such reminders come opportunely from the wife of the Colonial Minister, "lest we forget." The treasurer of the society, whose address is the Imperial Institute, will be glad to receive donations.



KENSINGTON PALACE. THE QUEEN'S BIRTHPLACE: REVISITED BY HER MAJESTY ON MAY 15.

up in the larger houses of business and workshops, while at the railway-stations and at advantageous corners of the principal thoroughfares boys from the training-ship *Arbutus* had charge of picturesquely decorated collecting-boxes. At Brixton there was greater pomp and circumstance. A procession was organised, the chief features of which were tableaux representing the Death of Nelson, Shakspearian characters, and the Queen-Empress and her defenders. There was also a life-boat manned by a Margate crew, while several floral cars added brightness to the pageant. The trade and friendly societies of the district, with their banners, the local cyclists, and the Church Lads' and Boys' Brigades joined in the festivity, the excellent object of which was practically benefited by a swarm of active collectors, who induced the spectators along the route to remember in substantial fashion the cause of our gallant seamen.

The *Boston Herald* has published the dimensions of the yacht *Shamrock*, with which Sir Thomas Lipton will strive to bring the America Cup back to English waters. The measurements are said to have been obtained from a yachtsman who had formerly received anticipatory information regarding the *Valkyries*, former and latter, the *Britannia*, and other vessels. The *Shamrock*, according to these dimensions, will be very similar to her rival the *Columbia*; in their beam at the load-water line they are said to be perfectly alike, while both yachts will have ninety tons of metal in their lead keel. In the midship section at deck the difference will not exceed two inches. The expert, who illustrates his remarks by means of drawings, prophesies that the race will be one of the finest ever sailed, and remarks that the owner of the *Shamrock* may well count upon an even chance to win.

Provincial free libraries are, happily, on the increase, one of the last to be added to the number being that at Bury, of which we give an illustration on the present page.

The labour question has quickly made its appearance at the boards of the County Councils in Ireland on lines familiar to those who have followed the discussions of the same body in London. In Limerick Lord Emly, the latest convert to Home Rule, brought forward a resolution in favour of the direct employment of labour and the abolition of the contractor. Lord Dunraven, on the other hand, opposed a scheme which, he said, imposed on the Council duties of oversight for which it was not



NEW ART GALLERY AND LIBRARY AT BURY.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of London. Duke of York. Princess Victoria of Schleswig. Duchess of Albany.

Duchess of York. Duke of Fife.

Prince of Wales.

Duchess of Connaught. Duchess of Fife.

Sir M. White Ridley.

Lord Hopetoun. Duke of Devonshire. Sir S. Ponsonby-Fane. Duke of Portland. Mr. W. H. Brattain.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON: THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL AT THE PAVILION.

Drawn by S. Degg.

LITERATURE

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Francis Turner Palgrave. By Gwenllian F. Palgrave. (Longmans.)
Under the African Sun. By W. J. Ansorge, M.A., LL.D., etc. (Heinemann.)
Lives and Times of the Early Valois Queens. By Catherine Berne. (Fisher Unwin.)
The Cyclopaedia of Home Arts. Edited and Compiled by Montague Marks C. Arthur Pearson.)
Oliver Cromwell and His Times. By G. Holden Pike. (Fisher Unwin.)
Notes from a Diary Kept Chiefly in Southern India, 1881-1886. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff. (John Murray.)
Poems. By A. B. Mill. (John Lane.)
The Guardians of Panzy. By Dolf Wyllie. (Hutchinson.)
Frank Redland, Recruit. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (John Long.)
An Officer and Lady Grasmere. By Albert Kinross. (Arrowmouth.)
The Poor Scruple. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. (Longmans.)
On the Edge of a Precipice. By Mary Angela Dickens. (Hutchinson.)
A Semi-Detached Marriage. By Arabella Kenealy. (Hutchinson.)
More Methodist Idylls. By Harry Lindsay. (James Bowden.)
London Pride. By M. E. Braddon. (Simpkin.)
Rachel. By Jane H. Findlater. (Methuen.)

Miss Palgrave's Life of her father belongs to the fairly faultless, uneventful order of family biography. It has almost an official air: the placid breath of a Government office publication is suggested by its pages. Its gravest hint of a fault, perhaps, is the too liberal inclusion of Mr. Palgrave's verse, which must be regarded, on the whole, as a harmless recreation of his days, not a serious contribution to literature. His criticisms might bear quotation better, possessing a more positive quality. Tributes to their knowledge and taste from his great contemporaries are quoted freely in this volume, but the testimony is warmed and coloured by friendship. The letters, on the whole, tell us nothing new, and touch few inner questions of life or criticism; some of them, indeed, are very formal documents. We obtain passing and very casual views of Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Newman, Mr. Ruskin, and others; something a little deeper of Jowett and a few more. Palgrave's name is known mainly to the general reader through his "Golden Treasury," and, by the way, the assistance which he received from Tennyson was a large factor towards the success of that. Some of the criticism here recorded is questionable. Even now, the Palgrave of literary history seems less a personality than a manner.

The poet's character did not really "tell of all he felt and all he saw." Had he done so he would have been something of a bore, a doubtful candidate for immortality. Consciously or not, we may be sure that he made a judicious selection from his feelings and his visions. It is a golden rule for travellers. The trite and trifling acts of our life when we go to Uganda are on the whole no more interesting than the trite and trifling acts of our life in London. A reviewer who weighed down his autobiography with a circumstantial account of his feelings as he corrected his proofs week by week to the day of his abdication would never go down to posterity. Dr. Ansorge, in "Under the African Sun," has dwelt far too much on the non-essential and ordinary things incidental to his dealings with the native races in Uganda. His detail in other ways is a little more than we ought to be asked to bear. But, these apart, he gives pertinent information interesting to those who would follow British enterprise, and useful in no little degree as well to the hunter and the natural historian. The illustrations are liberal.

A history of the world, or the world's leading families, from the Registrar-General's point of view, would be a curious production were it possible to get even approximately towards the facts. Mrs. Berne's "Early Valois Queens" is a small illustration of the possibilities of the idea. The betrothals, marriages, births, etc., in the families of the Valois Queens and their immediate relations are recounted in generous detail. This is, indeed, but one side of the book, but there is rather too much of it. The volume, on the whole, belongs to that order of work which is strong in interesting facts, but is yet comparatively ineffective history. The facts are not set in quite the right proportion, and are far from being vitalised. Hence, although the writer knows her dramatic period well, she does not bring it vividly before us. But she discourses very well about its family circumstances and other things.

No art can be learnt out of a book; yet a book can usefully direct a student about the scope and limitations of any particular art, and the best materials to use. It can suggest designs, and warn him against bad methods. The big volume compiled by Mr. Marks, with the help of a large number of specialists, tries to do a good deal more. Its sections on oil-painting, wood-carving, modelling, leather-work, and the rest, have a look of completeness that may tempt some persons to use them as their only school, which would be a mistake. We confess we examined the book with suspicion at first, fearing that it was a new guide to the manufacture of those horrors known as "pretty things," and that even for serious arts the advice given might be, as it so often is in manuals, out of date, and emanating from the bad school of the Victorian drawing-master. But investigation proved we were wrong. On the whole, the directions are sound and genuinely artistic, and the arts dealt with are mainly such as can be treated seriously. The designs are numerous. We cannot praise them all or condemn them all. Such as illustrate methods of work are generally good; some of the decorative designs are poor. But a purchaser of this book will get a great deal for his money, and persons with clever hands and a sense of beauty may have their energies turned in useful directions by its perusal.

Mr. Pike's book on Cromwell, with its pictures of social, religious, and political life in the seventeenth century, is well adapted for satisfying the popular curiosity concerning the great man whose anniversary was celebrated on April 25. Mr. Pike has read up the authorities carefully, and though he holds a brief for the Puritans, never writes with undue harshness of the opposite side. The glimpses at other

actors in the drama of the Commonwealth and the general survey of the times are the most successful portions of the book. The portrait of Cromwell is not merely too eulogistic but too elementary to be very interesting.

Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff is one of the few *raconteurs* we have left to us. His outlook on life is that of a man of remarkable culture, with just that amount of humour which keeps him from being ponderous. Sir Mountstuart has already given us four volumes of his reminiscences. The present two cover the years when he was (Governor of Madras). He has simply reprinted his diary without attempting to rewrite it as an autobiography. His pages teem with good stories.

Mr. Miall's verse is so high above the average level of minor poetry that it calls for distinct notice and gratitude. Carefully shaped out of tender thoughts and delicate fancies, it has a finish and a refinement which are very rare indeed. His melodies are gentle; his tones are quiet. Even when he sings of passion it is not the fury but the aching beauty of it he makes us think of. The effect is not weakness; for in uttering the pity of human things he finds a strong note, as here—

Yet, O wild rose the wind has flawed,
 But else more fair than all your kind,
 O snowflake on white eyelids thawed
 To leave a falling tear behind;
 O wherefore are you not complete,
 Or, being ruined, wherefore sweet?

The possibly terrible consequences of leaving your rings about are graphically revealed in "The Guardians of Panzy." It is not mere sordid thieves you have to fear. There are designing persons that may want to steal not your property but your personality. This happened to Aureol Hamilton to prevent her being the heroine of an altogether dull story. The thief puts on the stolen rings and goes straightway and drowns herself. Her victim gets immediately run over and is unconscious for weeks in a hospital. You can imagine the complications. It is a quite improbable occurrence, but if you reject it, you have



Miss SELINA FOX, M.B., B.S.,
 FIRST WOMAN GRADUATE IN MEDICINE OF DURHAM.

Five years ago the University of Durham opened its medical school to women, and now the first lady graduate in medicine has just taken her degree. Miss Selina Fitzherbert Fox, who has thus become Bachelor in Medicine and Surgery with honours, is a daughter of Mr. F. Fox, of the Royal College of Surgeons. She was the only girl in the class, and the list of candidates, among whom she was the only woman. She has studied at the London School of Medicine for Women, Handel Street, and at the College of Medicine, Newcastle-on-Tyne. She took up the study of medicine with a view, it is said, to missionary work abroad, and she will probably leave England for India next October.

to fall back for entertainment in "Panzy" on the babble of a child who is no more real than the average child of fiction.

Mrs. Kernahan has been successful in a most difficult attempt. She has painted the *ingénue* unconventional, innocent of ruse, yet full of wiles, and has made her a living, charming creature. Fanchette is neither affected nor a minx, and that men and women fall in love with her we have no doubt whatsoever. Only when she runs about the woods with the Redland family diamonds do we raise our eyebrows sceptically. She is the bright spot in a story that might in some hands have been sordid enough. But Mrs. Kernahan keeps a wholesome tone throughout, and shows us a family, suddenly introduced to its skeleton, behaving with admirable philosophy and common-sense.

The moods and spells that Mr. Albert Kinross details in his interesting yet somewhat whimsical way in "An Opera and Lady Grasmere" are true enough. Every young artist who has caught London in its nights and mornings of glamour, and suddenly set in tune with it, has seen a way to El Dorado, will have no doubt whatever in the matter. That the glamour has generally such a happy and adroit continuation into the world of action as Mr. Kinross describes with such conviction, is another story. But there is an El Dorado of the heart even in London, and there the gallant knight finds a Lady Grasmere ever waiting to be won. Or, if we all gave full scope to our dormant romance, and the poetic possibilities of our temperaments, something like Mr. Kinross's world might come about in due process of evolution. We do not, but we like the better way and the luck of Mr. Kinross's hero. The opening stages of the story are the more airy, but the whole seems an artist's prelude to quite engaging work.

There is a lamentable waste of serious ability in Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's "One Poor Scruple." It calls itself "a seven weeks' story"; but its laborious manner and its length suggest at least seventy years. The writer has a talent for analysis, and dissects some of her characters in a clever and sympathetic fashion. But the action is so slow and the tones so neutral that interest gradually oozes away, and we are left coldly indifferent at the end. The most striking feature of the story is the insight it gives into the life of cultivated English Catholics.

The old, old motive of the sensational story-writer, the complete loss of memory on the part of one of the main characters, comes up again in "On the Edge of a Precipice," and as soon as we discover it we begin to be weary. But Miss Dickens fights gallantly against our boredom. There may be nothing novel about the plot, yet in the circumstance and the personages there are vigour and freshness. The effect of a bicycle accident on a wealthy, beautiful, and close-guarded young lady is to cut her off entirely from her past, and thus from the chance of communicating with her friends. She falls into the hands of poor, desperate, and disreputable cousins of her own, who are connected with the theatre. After that, for a time the story is reminiscent of "Trilby." The great genius without the presence works through the imbecile to whom a presence has not been denied. The genius is one of the wicked cousins, but she wins our interest if not our heart. She is the living reality of the book—a clever, capable book, though built on a very artificial and much-used foundation.

Miss Kenealy has changed her brief in the middle of her case. The first purpose of her story, "A Semi-Detached Marriage," was obviously to show that for two married people to make up their minds from the beginning merely to go or visiting terms with each other is a foolish and not at all respectable position. The husband, a selfish, irresponsible person, makes the arrangement, and the wife, an affectionate, normal, domestic being, gives in. The drawbacks of so remote a relationship would have made quite enough and good enough material for a story. But Miss Kenealy evidently thought it wanting in sensation. So she suddenly reveals the man as not merely selfish, but as a monster of wickedness; and her melodrama prevents readers making up their minds about the feasibility of a "semi-detached marriage" under more ordinary circumstances. There is always "go" and ability in Miss Kenealy's absurdest books; but she should curb her eloquence which brings her to say this kind of thing: "The wild-rose blossom of sex, now plucked from nature, lay over cheek and well-kissed lips."

One is tempted to repeat the title of Mr. Lindsay's book with ungrateful emphasis—"More Methodist Idylls"! These stories of Welsh life in Dissenting circles are neither better nor worse than their now numerous kind. We have found pathetic pages and some able studies of human nature amid a great deal that is commonplace and tedious. Mental struggle, spiritual difficulty, the clash of certain types of character with circumstance, Mr. Lindsay understands; but much of his writing is quite ineffective. He needs a higher standard of workmanship, and especially greater economy of words.

There is a fund of vitality about Miss Braddon. In spite of the long list of her novels, she has not written herself out yet. She has been measuring herself of late years against the younger writers of historical romance, and she surpasses most of them. Her work is soldierly, brisk, more even than that of any save the best of them. "London Pride," just issued in a new edition, is really excellent of its kind. The story of Angela and Hyacinth, the daughters of that devout Cavalier Sir John Kirkland, is humanly interesting, as well as illustrative of the troublous times in which they lived, and of the moral and social atmosphere of Charles the Second's Court; while the complicated character of Fareham—scoundrel, man of intellect, with something strangely attractive lurking about the recesses of his shady character—is portrayed with rare ability. There may be a good deal of artificiality in "London Pride" and stories of the kind, but Miss Braddon never omits the leaven of brains.

Those who know Miss Jane Findlater's work need not be told to expect great things of her latest story, "Rachel." We have no hesitation in saying that the books of this talented Scottish writer are among the best contributions to the fiction of the time. We do not prophesy great heights for her, but we cannot imagine work coming from her hand otherwise than well shaped, full of vitality, shrewd sense, and dignity. She writes excellently, allows herself few words, and admits no affectations either of style or sentiment. She has the air of only writing at brisk moments. Her subject is always thoroughly digested, and she keeps her people well in hand. But "Rachel" will interest even those who are not fastidious about a writer's methods. One might have said that at the hands of Miss Findlater, a character like Michael Fletcher would have received rather harsh treatment. He is a visionary boy, who by the aid of an inflamed imagination and a great personality, converts thousands, and keeps them under a spell of fear and exultation. He is Edward Irving, in fact. And the woman who should have been the guardian of Irving's sanity, but who became, instead, the bitter-tongued victim of Carlyle's bilious humours, is Rachel. But there is no bitterness about Rachel—only clear, quick-brained intelligence, worldly wisdom, humour, and kindness. Miss Findlater lets her see Michael, who has slipped outside her influence, die his weird. She sees him inventing the visions that keep thousands under his thall, when they will not come spontaneously, and sees him die of his excitement, his success, his fall. But there is no Carlyle provided as a further trial. We have said Michael seems the last kind of personage Miss Findlater would have dealt with sympathetically. But such is not the case. Without an unnecessary word, she has handled the strange, fascinating, ering visionay with perfect tenderness and understanding. "Rachel" is a strong, a capable, and a most moving story.

MONUMENT ERECTED AT LUCKNOW TO THE 32ND FOOT.

A monument commemorating some of the most stirring scenes of the Indian Mutiny was unveiled on April 5 at Lucknow in front of the Residency building. The memorial has been erected by the officers and men of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry to the memory of the men of the gallant 32nd Foot, their predecessors, who fell in the defence of the Residency. The ceremony was performed by Lady Inglis, widow of Major-General Sir J. Inglis, who succeeded Lawrence in command of the Residency. There were present, besides Lady Inglis, twelve other European survivors of that desperate leaguer.

The monument consists of two large blocks of granite specially sent out from the Bosahan Quarry near Penryn, in the regiment's native county of Cornwall. One block, weighing over five tons, forms a base on which is set a monolith fifteen feet high, and weighing seven tons. This form of monument may be considered especially appropriate to the event commemorated, since the obelisk has from the earliest times been accepted as the emblem of strength and dominion. This meaning may be traced back to the ancient worship of the reproductive powers of nature, which still survives in parts of India and other Eastern lands, and will undoubtedly impress the native and carry a meaning to his mind only dimly perceived by the English, whose acquaintance with this form



THE MUTINY MONUMENT AT LUCKNOW.

of monument is, for the majority, confined to Cleopatra's Needle, now set up on the Thames Embankment. The idea of strength is still further emphasised by the perfect simplicity of the lines of the blocks, which are unmoulded and unpolished. A decorative effect is given by the bronze shield bearing the arms of the county of Cornwall, emblazoned in colour. Set into the base block are bronze plaques bearing the following legend: "To commemorate the gallant part taken by H.M. 32nd Foot in the heroic defence of this Residency during the Indian Mutiny, 1857. Also to the memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers, men, women, and children of the regiment who perished during the Mutiny here and at Cawnpore"; and "This monument of granite from the Bosahan quarry, Cornwall, was erected by the officers, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, past and present, of the 32nd Light Infantry, now the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, while the Battalion was quartered at Lucknow in 1898."

At the ceremony the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry were drawn up in three sides of a square, and received Lady Inglis and the Lieutenant-Governor with a general salute, and Lady Inglis inaugurated the monument.

The monument has been executed from the designs of Mr. Howard Ince, 35, Lincoln's Inn Fields.



LADY INGLIS PERFORMING THE INAUGURATION CEREMONY.



SKETCHES AT THE GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT.



TRAVELLING IN NORTH CHINA: A CHINESE FLOUR-MILL IN THE PROVINCE OF CHI-LI.



TRAVELLING IN NORTH CHINA: CHINESE MILE-STONES AND ANCIENT WATCH-TOWER IN THE PROVINCE OF SHANSI.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In my opinion, Honoré de Balzac was absolutely the greatest novelist that ever lived, not excluding from the comparison Cervantes, Bernatín de St. Pierre, Defoe, and Swift. Least, however, this statement should ruffle the legitimate susceptibilities of those who have made literary criticism their special province, and who might resent such a very positive assertion on the part of one who has never professed to be anything but a simple *causur*. I shall merely rank him with the best of the world's writers of fiction, of which there are not much more than two score. Yet, with the exception of Madame Bovary-Toussaint and van Lenep—Dutch writers who may safely be included among the number—Balzac is less known to the majority of English novel-readers who have to depend upon translations than any of those who originally wrote in a foreign tongue. He is not forgotten—he is unknown. The indifference with regard to him does not date from last year or from ten years ago, but it was already patent to him when the whole of the European Continent rang with his name.

I have not his letters by me, but I remember one to his friend Madame Zulma Carrard written about 1832, telling her that he constantly receives the most flattering expressions of approval from every country in Europe except England. I am not prepared to inquire into the causes of that neglect, but the knowledge of it makes me somewhat diffident in writing about him as I should write about Ebers, Dumas, Jokai, or Björnson. Hence, though the occasion is unquestionably here, seeing that on the 8th inst. the venerable and historic city of Tours celebrated, with a certain pomp and ceremonial, the hundredth anniversary of his birth, I feel I am not treading on safe ground. There is the well-known story of the labourer who was delving in his little garden, and singing as he delved, when the parson came up to him, "How can you be so lively when the Duke of Wellington lies dead?" asked the clergyman. "I am very sorry for he, but who wur he?" was the counter question. I do not care to risk that.

Nevertheless, there was one incident in his life which may relate here, inasmuch as it is likely to appeal to all who have followed with attention the part taken by one of Balzac's most famous disciples in the Dreyfus case. I am alluding to M. Zola's most generous and disinterested championing of the wretched and probably innocent prisoner of the *Île du Diable*. Balzac also took up the cudgels for a condemned man, with this difference however, that there was scarcely a doubt about the guilt of Sébastien Petyel, the notary of Macon, who was tried in the latter end of 1839 for the double murder of his wife and his servant, and sentenced to death. At that time Balzac was at the zenith of his fame, yet, as always, dissatisfied with his lot, and positively watching for a chance to astonish the world in a fresh capacity, just as Lamartine built a kind of horrible hybrid portico to his country house "in order to impress posterity," as he said, with his genius as an architect, just as Renan wrote a kind of inferior play after having written the "History of the People of Israel" and the "Life of Jesus." I may say at once that I feel thoroughly convinced that no such foolish craving for additional fame impelled M. Zola to the step he took, but Balzac was unquestionably bitten by the desire to do something wonderful.

Petyel had been connected with literature in Paris, and was known on independent testimony to be a man of violent temper, although not devoid of generous instincts. Balzac, like M. Zola, let the trial pass, and only intervened when the sentence had been delivered. Then he interfered with a vengeance, spending his time and substance, and inducing Gayarre to do the same. Of course, Petyel appealed against his sentence, and it was when the appeal came on for hearing that Balzac endeavoured to distinguish himself. At first he made up his mind to defend Petyel orally, but I fancy there were certain objections to his wish. At any rate, he abandoned the original idea and presented a written memoir to the court. I have only part of it before me as I write, but that part occupies sixty fairly closely printed pages, and is one of the most remarkable productions in the way of special pleading I ever read.

It proved of no use whatever: the Court of Cassation confirmed the verdict of the Assise Court, and Petyel was executed on Oct. 28, 1839. Contrary to what happened in the case of M. Zola, Balzac's most ardent admirers sincerely regretted his incursion into the camp of criminal pleaders; they regretted it all the more on account of the insinuations against the murdered Madame Petyel, "whom," they said, "the novelist would have defended with all the literary skill of which he was so acknowledged a master, if he had limned her in one of his works." For a considerable period Balzac's female admirers cooled in their enthusiasm for him. On the other hand, M. Zola's admirers, both male and female, are more devoted to him to-day than they were before his letter to the late M. Faure. All this convinces me that deep down in the hearts of Frenchmen there is a feeling which no partisanship can eradicate—the instinct of justice.

The report of the committee of the Upper House of Convocation on Fasting Communion is antagonistic to the practice, although it disavows any desire to discourage fasting reception where it is found to provide a salutary self-discipline.

Sigmar Marconi is pushing forward his experiments in wireless telegraphy, and is thoroughly satisfied with his results. There are, of course, obstacles—serious obstacles—to overcome. For instance, the messages he has been sending to Boulogne from the Goodwin lightships could have been caught and recorded by any receiver set up along that part of the coast. Some days ago Sigmar Marconi made a series of attempts to avert that publicity, and to send his message only to the point of his own choosing; and on the issue of these trials will largely depend the use of his inventions, at any rate in times of war.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

A BREKAN (Vienna).—(1) Your earlier problem is not equal to your previous contribution, and the position of the Bishop at B 8th is not one that we can easily pass. The last problem shall receive attention. (2) We cannot tell you.

A. P. OLDFIELD (St. John's Wood).—Surely the mate is obvious enough when you have studied the position a little.

E. JONES (Chelsea).—We will look into the matter and reply later. Thanks for sentiments.

SIMON DALE (Dover).—Yes, if we possibly can do so.

HENRY II HIRAD (Bray).—There is not a solution by way of 1. P to Q 3rd. Black has a crushing reply at his disposal.

F. SWELL.—We should require the position on a diagram in any case.

CRAKKA I. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2863 received from S. Subramania Iyer (Eduardo, Madras), of Nos. 2867 and 2868 from Henry M. Warren, George Hether, and J. R. Warner (Pontiac, Mich.); of No. 2870 from H. S. Brandreth (Lisbon), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Dr Cleves-Symmes (Berlin), and Eugène Henry (Bexley); from I. W. H. Moore (Bromley), Alfred Berman, J. Hall, Dr Cleves-Symmes (Berlin), O. E. II (Cleves), G. J. Hoare (Bognor), Alfred (Bath), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), William Clinton (Bath), J. Hall (Bath), J. H. Bayley (Bromley), W. M. Kelly, M. D. (Worthing), A. W. Hamilton-Gill (Exeter), and Eugène Henry (Bexley).

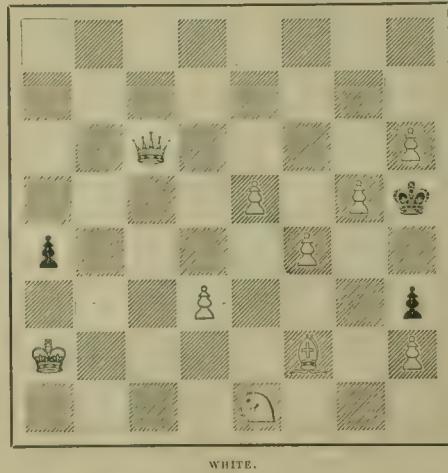
CRAKKA I. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2872 received from C. E. H. (Clifton), F. J. Candy (Norwood), C. F. Perugini, M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), T. Roberts, Alpha W. M. Kelly, M. D. (Worthing), F. Hooper (Putney), E. G. Boys (Eastbourne), Dr. Walter (Heidelberg), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), F. Daily, Shadforth, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. Moore (Heidelberg), R. W. Young (Canterbury), F. J. Hall (Hastings), Thomas Powell (Manchester), U. K. Dutt (Cambridge), Edith Cotes (Reigate), G. Hawkins (Camberley), P. Glanville, George Shillingford Johnson (Cobham), R. S. Moore (Bromley), Richard Murphy (Wexford), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2871.—By W. W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE. B to B 6th
1. B to B 6th
2. Mates.BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM NO. 2874.—By W. H. GUNDRY.

BLACK.



WHITE to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at the Brooklyn Chess Club between Messrs. S. H. CHADWICK and J. ZAMMENWOOD.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Mr. Z.) BLACK (Mr. Z.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 14. Kt takes B P takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd 15. B to Kt 6th R takes P
3. P to Q 4th P takes P 16. Q to B 3rd
4. B to Q 4th 17. Kt to B 6th (ch), K to B 2nd; 17. Q to B 3rd, Q to B 1st; 18. Kt takes P, etc.
In general there is not much use in refining the pawn, as White in most cases loses in this variation.

4. Kt to B 3rd R to B 2nd
5. Castles B to B 4th 17. Kt to B 6th (ch), K to B 3rd
6. P to K 5th P to Q 4th 18. R takes P R to Q 5th
7. P takes Kt P takes P 19. Q to R 5th P to Q 6th
8. R to K 5q (ch) B to K 3rd 20. P takes P Kt to Q 5th
9. Kt to Kt 5th Q to Q 5th 21. R to K 6th (ch) K to Kt 2nd
10. If Q takes P, White plays Kt to B 3rd, Q to B 2nd, etc., winning the other Bishop. There is some lively play at this point.

11. Kt to Q 5th R to B 2nd
12. P to K 4th B to Kt 2nd
13. P takes P R to K 5th
13. P to K 4th Q to Kt 3rd

In general there is not much use in refining the pawn, as White in most cases loses in this variation.

The text-play opens White's game, and seems to result in exposure of the King's wing.

3. P to Q 3rd 14. Q to B 2nd P to K 4th
4. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K 2nd 15. P to B 3rd Q to Q 5th
5. B to Q 4th Kt to B 3rd 16. Kt to K 2nd Q takes P
6. P to B 5th 17. Kt to R 4th K to Q 5th
The weakness of this is well shown in the succeeding moves of Black. White should have played 5. Kt to K 2nd, Q to Q 5th, etc., but now it is too late. It is important to note that White never has another chance of freeing his game.

6. P to Q 4th 18. B to B 2nd Kt to K 4th
7. Kt takes Q P Kt takes Kt 19. B to B 2nd R takes B
It to B 4th is threatened, and Black wins easily.

CHESS IN BOHEMIA.

Game played between Messrs. J. KOTRČ and J. LÍVA.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. K.) BLACK (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 8. B takes Kt Kt to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd B to B 4th 9. B to K 3rd B takes P
3. P to K 4th 10. P takes B P to K 5th
4. Kt to K 2nd 11. Kt to K 5th Q to Q 5th
5. P to K 5th Kt to K 4th Castle K R
6. Kt to K 4th R to K 2nd 12. R to K 2nd Q R to Q 5th
7. P to Q 3rd 13. Q to B 2nd P to K 4th
8. B to K 3rd 14. Q to B 2nd P to K 4th
9. Kt to K 2nd 15. P to B 3rd Q to Q 5th
10. P to B 4th 16. Kt to K 3rd K takes P
11. Kt to K 3rd 17. Kt to R 4th K to Q 5th
12. P to K 4th 18. B to B 2nd Kt to K 4th
13. P to K 4th 19. B to B 2nd R takes B
14. Kt to K 2nd 20. B takes Kt K to Q 5th
15. P to B 3rd 21. P to Q 4th B takes Kt
16. Kt to K 3rd 22. P takes B K to Q 5th
17. Kt to R 4th 23. K to B 2nd R (Q sq) to Q 4
18. B to B 2nd 24. K to B 2nd R (Q sq) to Q 4

The executive of the International Chess Congress have intimated that they are prepared to allow the publication of games to be played in the forthcoming tournament on a scale of charges which cannot be said to be excessive. A demand so exorbitant, not to say preposterous, has never been advanced before in any chess competition, and where it might have been thought that the interests of the game would be best served by a reduction of the fees, the executive of the tournament, the chess authorities of St. Petersburg, and the like, otherwise, have indicated no objection to the scale of charges proposed. Had the necessary funds not been subscribed by the public, there might have been some excuse for this method of obtaining money, but the vigorous response made to the committee's appeal should have removed all need for a step without precedent in chess history. We do not profess to be lawyers, but we have yet to learn that a spectator reproducing a game from memory is guilty of any breach of copyright.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In the general stirrings of public opinion regarding the prevention of disease—the curing of disease, let us note, is strictly the business of the doctor—the mere mention of the term "cancer" cannot fail to excite our interest. In view of my previous remarks on cancer, and the establishment of a "Cancer Society" for the prevention of the ailment, it is interesting to note that among the contributors to a medical symposium on this topic, the Medical Officer of Health for Brighton makes certain observations which it is well the public should "mark, learn, and inwardly digest." He gives the statistics of death from cancer for five years from 1891-95 as 712 to every million of the population of England and Wales. For 1896 the figures are 764 to every million; and in view of the increase which appears to have occurred in the disease, it is added that the figures given understate, rather than overstate, the actual amount of cancer which existed during the periods named. Estimating the occurrence of cancer in another fashion, it is said to be responsible for more deaths than any other single disease, if we except consumption, inflammation of the lungs, and bronchitis. Now although these figures are alarming enough, we may discover another side to these statistics, or at least another explanation than that which credits an increase of cancer as the only explanation of the death-rates in question. It has been urged, for instance, that as cancer is essentially a disease of mature life, we get our apparent increase from a larger number of people living on, through improved conditions of health, to the age at which cancer is liable to attack them. It may be a comforting idea that we are all living longer; but there is gall in the cup, if it is to be asserted that one result of our dwelling longer in the land is that of being attacked by our insidious foe.

The Brighton medical officer does not credit this view of things. He thinks of cancer as his brethren dealing with lunacy argue of the apparent increase of insanity. It is not that more people are attacked by cancer, but that medical men are now much more accurate in their diagnosis of the disease, and that registration of results is much more exact than before. Therefore, on this theory, we account for the apparent increase simply by holding that doctors know their business better, and that our vital statistics in consequence more accurately reflect the realities of disease occurrence. It is so in the matter of lunacy. When people spoke about the increase of insanity, and attributed the presumed increase to the greater strain and worry which modern life and competition entail on the nerve-centres, they were believed to express a very adequate and sensible opinion regarding the reason why our asylums for the insane appear to be in need of perpetual extension. Among others, my friend Dr. Sibbald, ex-Commissioner in Lunacy for Scotland, showed the fallacies which underlie those views. He showed that insanity is now better recognised in all its phases than it was in former days. Therefore, to start with, we seem to have more insane persons simply because we find them in asylums, while previously they were either neglected, or treated more or less imperfectly outside the asylum walls.

Also there is another reason to be found for the apparent increase of disorders of the brain. In former days the occurrence of insanity was regarded as a kind of stigma on the patient, and the mere fact of a man having spent even a month or two in an asylum was regarded as a tacit admission that he was mentally unstable in a permanent sense. This erroneous, and in some respects cruel, notion, has largely disappeared. So when our asylums begin to show an accession of inmates, we have to reflect that, apart from growth of population, the increase is not really in the number of cases, but in the number of those anxious to be cured. In all our considerations regarding the increase of any disease—a matter, I have said, in which the public are specially interested—it is clear we must be very guarded in ascertaining to the idea that a real increase is the only explanation of statistics which at first sight seemed to bear out the opinions I have noted.

I do not think I have ever quoted poetry in this column in the course of the many years I have been privileged to address my readers through its medium. I shall make an exception to-day to quote some very witty lines which an Indian correspondent has forwarded to me apropos of my remarks made some months ago on the subject of man's imbibing habits. The lines, I believe, originally appeared in *Blackwood*; and the words are supposed to be a parody of that old song "The Leather Bottel." They run thus—

How many wondrous things fell
Of which we can't the reason tell;
And this is one I used to think:
That most men like a drop of drink.
But here comes Darwin with his plan,
Which shows the true descent of man;
For he doth prove, and that full well,
That man was once a Leather Bottel.

There are Mollusca very small,
That naturalists Ascidians call,
And these being but a bag-like skin,
Subsist by water pouring in.

Now these you'll find, if you will seek,
Derive their name from heathen Greek,
For "Neott and Liddell" do us tell
That "askos" means a Leather Bottel.

Now Darwin proves as clear as mud
That endless ages ere the Flood,
The "Coming Man's" primeval form
Was simply an Ascidian worm;
And having then the habit got
Of pouring liquor down his throat,
He keeps it still, and proves full well
That man was once a Leather Bottel.

I think I am right in attributing these witty lines to the late Lord Neaves, one of the most eminent and genial of Scottish Judges, whose contributions to *Magna* are not forgotten by those who relish the keen wit of the North. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to confirm or refute this opinion of mine.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. XXI.—SIAMESE THAMENG, OR BROW-ANTLERED DEER.

BY LASCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET

The Thameng is one of the most peculiar of the Oriental deer, the antlers forming a regular curve from their summits to the tip of the brow-tine; those of the figured example being still in the "velvet."

NEW BUILDING OF THE INSTITUTION OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS IN WESTMINSTER.



EXTERIOR OF THE BUILDING IN GREAT GEORGE STREET.

On Tuesday, May 16, the new building of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers was opened by a reception given by the President, Sir William H. White and Lady White. The Institution, which was founded in 1847 at Birmingham, with George Stevenson as first President, has never before had a home of its own in London. The new house was begun two years ago, and stands on a charming site close to Storey's Gate, St. James's Park. It has been designed by Mr. Basil Slade, and, needless to say, the architect's work does the utmost credit to his skill and taste.

The entrance from Birdeage Walk, which is a continuation of Great George Street, Westminster—the home of kindred Institutions—is sheltered by a lofty Portland stone portico supported by Ionic columns. To the left is a bold tower, in which the staircase and lift rise to the upper floors. The exterior facade is of Renaissance treatment in Portland stone and red brick. The entrance hall and staircase are treated with Hungarian oak panelings, floorings, arcadings, balusters, newels, etc., French-polished, and surmounted by plain Persian red walls and enriched ceilings. Immediately opposite the entrance is the main doorway into the lecture theatre. This apartment has a Georgian ceiling with central glass dome, from which the room is lighted by day, and by night from a cluster of incandescent electric hanging lamps. The floor is constructed of movable platforms, which can be arranged to form terraces or a level floor, as desired. On the entresol floor below is found the marble tea-room or



MARBLE TEA-ROOM.



THE READING-ROOM.



THE LIBRARY FROM THE ENTRANCE.

withdrawning-room, running under the full length of the entrance-hall. This room has been lined and decorated with costly marbles throughout; floors, walls, arcadings, and access staircases have been treated with both new and rare stones. The treatment is of latter date, in style following the Italian. The tea-room is served by a kitchen and pantry adjoining.

The library is treated in the Elizabethan style, Hungarian picked oak being used throughout. The upper gallery is supported by bold cantilever oak modillions and Ionic columns and caps standing on a table-height shelf. Bastard statuary pilasters and oaken impost and arcades separate the main library from the annexes. The Institution at present possesses a library of about 10,000 volumes; and now that ample accommodation has been secured for it, it is hoped that this number may be rapidly increased. The Proceedings of the Institution fill over fifty volumes; Transactions are exchanged with 103 societies, both home and foreign. The Institution does a great deal of valuable and important work through its research committees, who investigate and report upon selected questions of mechanical engineering. The remainder of the building is occupied with offices for the staff, a room for the meetings of graduates, spacious drawing and diagram rooms, and apartments for the housekeeper. The building is lit throughout with electricity, and the same agent is used for working the lifts, clocks, ventilation fans, and power for the exhibition of models in the theatre.

The principal rooms are ventilated on the plenum system. The fresh air is drawn by an electrically driven fan, 4 ft. diameter, from the north area in the park, and cleansed over fibre screens automatically washed with water, then passed over a radiation coil and along a duct up to the various apartments, whence the vitiated air is forced up vents to the top of the building. The acquisition of the site and the erection and equipment of the house have been carried out under the supervision of the Presidents holding office since 1894, and of a House Committee consisting of Members of Council, who have devoted a great amount of time and trouble to the work.

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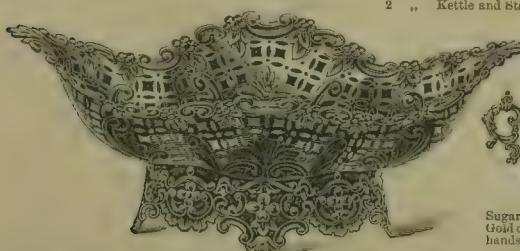
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2½ pints Coffe-Pot ...	215 0 0	26 0 0
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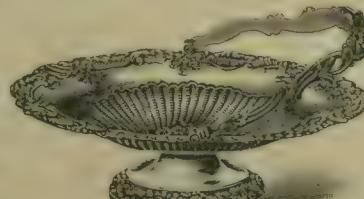
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10 " ...	10 15 0	14 " ...	16 10 0
16 in. ...	22 0 0	20 " ...	220 0 0

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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Never, surely, was there a "period" of costume that more exactly suited the genius of the French designer than does the present prevailing style. Most of us who try to adorn ourselves becomingly manage either to have a periodical shopping trip to Paris or keep in touch with some skilful modiste of our own choice—one of those artists who know the figure and the fashion of each of their customers, and treat the appearance of their clients as unerringly as a family doctor does an old patient's constitution. They are so clever, the best of these Parisian dressmakers! They



A DRESS OF DISTINCTION.

unite the skill of consummate artists with keen business faculty. They do not simply pile items on their accounts, but trouble themselves sincerely to produce a good effect. They try to meet a customer's wishes, or to utilise anything she may have that will work into the design—her own old lace, or her bit of rare brocade, and so on—to perfection. Still, clever though they be in all respects, there are some styles of dress that are more in accord with their natural and national bent than others, and assuredly the present is especially the sort of fashion that suits the French taste. Such triumphs of the lightness, the airiness, the lacey fragility of the moment are to be seen in Paris!

Flowered muslin-like materials are in the highest favour. They bear many fanciful names, but so long as the fabric is semi-transparent, and can carry the appearance of being painted with clusters of blossoms, that is all that is needed. Burge is a special favourite, its distinctive feature being a sheeny look of the surface, notwithstanding the transparency. White fabrics are made up now more on white than over coloured silks, and lace is freely interspersed in almost every confection.

The Frenchwoman, as long as her complexion and figure will allow her to pass for moderately young, will wear the most youthful attire unabashed. Our tendency, perhaps, is to give up the gaiety of muslin and the tenderness of pale tints at too early an age. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Devonshire are striking illustrations of the becomingness of light raiment to middle-aged women of the right type. Not, truly, that light colours and fabrics are suited to Englishwomen of the prevailing "matronly" type; let them cling to their "stately" outlines and draperies, and their "superb" fabrics; but for the women of whom the charming Princess may be taken as the arch-type, the best of models, light colours and dainty fabrics are possible. They are certainly more frequent, these youthful matrons, amongst the Frenchwomen than in our insular, beef-eating community, and they more daringly select the youthful styles, and look well in them. For those who require rather more solid-looking dresses than the flimsy and transparent materials, foulard is just now running a close race in the estimation of Parisian designers with plain or small-patterned voile. Foulard may, in fact, be highly commended to the notice of the middle-aged (by which I mean those somewhere between forty and sixty). It is quite sad to see sweltering in stiff silks at the season's crushes women who might be comfortable and happy in a

soft, cool foulard, given the importance that they require by the use of real lace and good jewellery. A little velvet I see introduced into most of the foulard gowns for matrons in Paris; not much at the throat, for that would be too hot, but still a touch, or revers, and a belt and cuffs. This gives a little dignity to the style. For example, a satin-faced foulard with a white ground, on which red-brown roses were laid for pattern, was made with a yoke of white lace over white satin, and a folded collar-band of mauve silk covered with lace rising into points under the ears, those points being visibly lined with mauve velvet; a velvet revers turned down below the yoke, wider in the centre of the bust than at the sides, and "going off to nothing" into the armholes. A very narrow belt of velvet, and cuffs of the same lined with mauve silk, finished the bodice. The skirt had a plain tunic cut to a deep point front and back, over a godet flounce of lace over white, supported round the feet by several frills of mauve silk. In another foulard with a white ground and lavender-coloured groups of nondescript blossoms, the colour-note was happily introduced by a slight admixture of cherry-red velvet. The belts in both these gowns were mere wisps, giving a relief of colour without heaviness. In one gown a little lion coat of lace over blue silk, with a vest of ruffles of lace on white, accompanied a primrose-and-white foulard, the blue showing in a narrow line by turning out as tiny revers from under the lace. It is in such always judicious, though sometimes startling, combinations of colour that the unerring taste of the good French modiste is displayed.

Probably it is the good taste, the colour and form sense, of the French, more than anything else, that accounts for the fact which so alarms a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, that English and American women spend so much money on French dress goods and accessories. The other Continental nations buy comparatively hardly anything from France. We British women buy annually no less than 120,000,000 francs' worth of silk, and ribbons to the value of 30,250,000 francs more! This is more imposing in francs than in pounds sterling, it is true, but in our own coin it is something like £6,000,000. To show how the two rich and luxurious Anglo-Saxon communities absorb the splendour, we learn that of the thirty-five million francs' worth of feathers annually prepared in and exported from France, Great Britain takes over fifteen million and the United States thirteen million francs' worth, leaving only a poor six million or so to be drawn upon by all the rest of the world. Fans, again, so far as bulk goes, are mainly exported from France to Spain and South America; but the small proportion of the total number made that comes to England is one-fourth of the value of the whole, so much more costly are the materials and art qualities that we demand. Great Britain and the States take between them every pound of manufactured whalebone, one-third of the corsets, and nearly half of the buttons exported from France; and so on.

It all sounds dreadfully extravagant on our parts; and it must be remembered that even these huge figures are not all—they are those of the wholesale-traders, and take no account of the sums of money actually paid by individual shoppers or through the post to the Paris retail dress and millinery houses and modistes. But, after all, we have some reason: the daintiness of design and beauty of idea in the French goods compel our great dressmakers and leading fashion caterers to seek their materials and inspiration in Paris. English-made silks, for example, have been for some years artificially encouraged and patronised. Well, the British designer seems able to produce tolerable chair-coverings and curtains, but *not* to give us for our dresses the grace and the novelty that lovely woman finds in the product of Lyons. Our big houses would be well pleased to be spared sending "buyers" to France periodically, but till native manufacturers can combine French taste with English solidity and honesty, we shall pay our annual tribute to France for grace and beauty. It is amusing to know that Paris has led for centuries in this way. Intermixed with serious State affairs and appeals for aid in the letters of the imprisoned Mary Queen of Scots to her Ambassador in France come frequent requests for news of the latest fashions in sleeves and "hoods"; and in Rome there is a particular window still shown where it was customary at one time to display periodically "the latest French fashion" brought over the Alps by couriers, put up for the benefit of the public at large on a big *poupée*.

The Princess gown is quite one of the leading styles this season, and although it demands a faultless figure when made severely plain, it can be arranged in so many ways that it proves becoming to one and all. In the second sketch, we see it in its most simple form; it is fashioned of delicate mauve cashmere, which material lends itself so well to this particular style of dress, as it hangs in soft clinging folds from the hips and curves gracefully into a semi-train at the back. Velvet and lace lend their decorative influence to this fashionable gown; while a toque of pale Parma violets trimmed with wired ribbon-velvet, and lastly a silk and lace sunshade, complete the ensemble.

Another version of the Princess polonoise is that distinctive model of grey voile over pale blue taffetas, that shimmers through the beautiful lace appliquéd on the over-dress, and becomes a reality beneath in the form of tucks. The sleeves and vest are very modish with the pointed tucking, while a very judicious band of black velvet is fastened round the neck. A toque of blue tulle displays a velvet rosette and a couple of ostrich-tips. Really a prettier costume for smart wear it would be difficult to find.

NOTES.

A roundabout but most delightful route was that by which I reached Paris this time—via Naples, by sea, on board an Orient liner. It is a journey of just two days over a week; and a good part of the time is spent on the exquisite, inconceivably blue waters of the Mediterranean, which certainly, according to evidence, can be rough, but in my experience are ever smooth, lit by a brilliant sun, and apparently expressly laid out for a trip for pleasure and rest for the weary. The great Orient liner in which one

travels is going on to the other side of the world, dropping passengers at Colombo to make their way to India and China, and proceeding to Australia, so that there is serious business in hand for some on board. But a large number of people make the trip as far as Marseilles or Naples only merely as a health-restoring excursion. One advantage of the arrangement is that good cabins are usually to be had for the short journey, since many of the travellers who have the long voyage before them prefer to go overland to either the French or Italian ports, so that the cabins booked for the long journey are available for those making the shorter trip to the Continental ports only; while all the advantages of the great liner bound for a long voyage, the steadiness that comes from her mere bulk, the handsome saloons with their good ventilation, the well-found larder, the doctor on board in case of illness—all that could not be expected in a boat merely fitted out for a short trip—are gained.

My little trip took me through Rome, so that I happened to be there on the feast of St. Catherine of Siena, and went to the church, St. Maria sopra Minerva, where her special celebration is held, the room in which she died having been transferred to the back of the Sacristy; it is open to women to visit on the saint's feast-day, and her image is laid beneath the high altar, adorned with lovely flowers, and visited by the congregation. A Cardinal said the Mass, and every honour was paid to the memory of a woman who was really rather a great diplomatist and a powerful leader in statesmanship than an ordinary "Saint." It was she who succeeded in bringing back the Popes to Rome after their three-quarters of a century sojourn at Avignon, and the devotion that she aroused in the minds of her followers was such as, under other circumstances, would have made her a great reforming power in the State. There is a beautiful story of her personal influence in the case of a young man unjustly condemned to death who was blaspheming and cursing away his last hours under a sense of cruel injustice till Catherine gained admission to his cell, and so soothed him and painted for him the joys of Heaven, and so convincingly pointed out to him that the translation thereto was often by unjust martyrdom, as to make him calm and happy. At his prayer, she went with him to execution, and held his head in her hands, exhorting him, as the last sounds his ears might receive, to believe that this was his marriage hour with the Saviour,



A FASHIONABLE PRINCESS GOWN.

and that in a moment he would awake in Paradise; so that he died willingly and with a happy smile. Such tales as this, and records of her statesman-like successes, are more interesting than stories of her "visions." It must be an inspiration to the Catholic women to have such models, and to see them so honoured.

At the recent examinations for the medical degree of Durham University, the first place on the list was taken by a lady, who is portrayed on another page. At the University of London, the Quain Studentship in Botany has been awarded to a lady, Miss Chick, B.Sc., who took Honours in her subject when she graduated in 1894, and has since distinguished herself by original researches in botanical physiology. FILOMENA.

The Parisian Diamond Company.

The Sketch.

"... Above all, the marvellously skilful settings, which give to the Company's work its 'cachet,' of exquisite finish, deserves a special meed of praise, appealing, as it inevitably must, to the cultured and artistic sense of beauty innate in us all... while last, but by no means least, those glorious strings of pearls produced by the Parisian Diamond Company . . ."

Hearth and Home.

"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street; 83, New Bond Street; and 43, Burlington Arcade."

The Gentlewoman.

"The Designing, the Mounting and Setting, together with the perfect finish, of the Parisian Diamond Company's work, raise their exquisite productions in artistic merit as far above the generality of Imitation Jewellery as is the finest diamond work itself."

Truth.

"The rarely-beautiful and artistic gem-work of the Parisian Diamond Company has met on all hands with the approval which it so thoroughly deserves."

Scottish Life.

"Pearls that look so beautiful that I can hardly believe they are not real."

The Lady.

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers among its clients European Royalties and many women of title."

The Whitehall Review.

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."

The Queen.

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the fashionable jewellery of the day."

The Lady's Pictorial.

"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."

Madame.

"Dainty to a degree in their fine artistic settings, the beautiful pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company have justly gained a world-wide reputation. Among these ornaments there are collars of the famous pearls which have been brought to such perfection by the Parisian Diamond Company, and now that fashion has decreed that pearls and diamonds must be worn in lavish profusion, everyone owes a debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company."

Myra's Journal.

"At all times one is certain to find something novel at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments, and just now there are many charming little jewels, all of which are characterised by that perfection of workmanship and elegance of design for which the Company has always been noted."

Mrs. Ari.

"Happily we live in the times of the Parisian Diamond Company, when the setting of the imitation stone is studied with so much care that the least valuable becomes charming to the eye of the beholder, and the more vulgar desire to wear something of supreme worth may yield place to sincere appreciation of the beautiful."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

"To me it is a wonderful reflection how the public taste has been educated to this jewellery, which is not an imitation, strictly speaking, but artistic and refined reproductions of gems in less expensive fashions than our prodigal Mother Nature can so far yield them to us."

St. James's Budget.

"I have seen some of the Parisian Diamond Company's corsage brooches in lovely Renaissance designs, with pearl pearl-splashed drops all transparently set with ribbon bows of diamonds, that might have nestled in the perfumed Valenciennes of a Louis Seize bodice."

The Illustrated London News.

"... What lovely woman would do at this juncture without the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company who can say?"

"It has been unquestionably proved that even experts are deceived by the lustrous colour and quality of these pearls."

Table Talk.

"Their designs this year seem to be more beautiful and artistic than ever, and the extraordinary grace and perfection of the setting of the brilliant and beautiful stones can give one cause for nothing but admiration."

The Court Journal.

"The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls and other gems are marvellous, while they are set with a refinement which shows that in this branch of the jeweller's art the Company is unrivalled."

Black and White.

"The Parisian Diamond Company is quite the place to visit by all who have an appreciation of the beautiful and the refined."

The Mail and Express.

(NEW YORK)

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

The Lady's Realm.

"One of the most beautiful collarettes consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."

The World of Dress.

"Jewels of real beauty, grace, and elegance."

Modern Art.

"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of novelty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

The Ladies' Gazette.

"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 83, New Bond Street."

The Kent Argus.

"The famous pearls, the specialities of this Company, are a veritable dream of soft milky whiteness, no two alike, but changing ever and anon into tender iridescent gleams, or a lovely sheen, thus defying even an expert to detect them from their costly prototypes."



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The Ladies' Field.

"The exquisite gem-work, which has been for so long associated with the name of the Parisian Diamond Company, seems to grow season by season more and more beautiful."

"With an enterprise and ingenuity which are little short of marvellous, the Parisian Diamond Company continue to produce one lovely new design after another, until one begins to wonder whether their powers of artistic invention are absolutely inexhaustible."

Vanity Fair.

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of Diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1884), with two codicils (dated Sept. 18, 1884, and Oct. 3, 1891), of Sir George Armitage, Bart., of Kirklees Hall, Yorkshire, and 27, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, who died on March 9, was proved on May 10 by Godfrey Armitage, the brother, and John Edward Marsden, the executors, the value of the estate being £190,215. The testator gives an annuity of £100 and the use, for life, of his town-house, with the furniture and effects therein, to his wife, Dame Eliza Matilda Mary Armitage, these benefits to be in addition to those she will receive under various settlements; £10,000 each to his sons Arthur Henry and Francis Reginald, to whom he has already appointed £5000 each; £1000 to his brother Godfrey; £100 each to his executors; and his jewels, guns, cigars, and musical instruments specifically to his three sons. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his eldest son George John.

The will (dated March 7, 1882), with three codicils (dated March 23, 1886, and Feb. 5 and July 25, 1893), of Mr. Laurence Harrison, of 17, Queen's Gate Place, and of Sutton Place, Guildford, who died at Cairo on Feb. 19, was proved on May 8 by William Sidney Harrison and Robert Higgins Camden Harrison, the brothers, and Laurence Alexander Harrison, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £116,220. The testator bequeaths £1000, his furniture, pictures, plate, and household effects, carriages and horses, and the income for life, of £70,000 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anna Harrison, and £250 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his two sons, Laurence Alexander Harrison and Leonard Frederick Harrison, in equal shares, his daughter, Mrs. Florence Maud a Court, having been provided for on her marriage.

The will (dated May 19, 1893) of Mr. William Bickford-Smith, formerly M.P. for the Helston Division of Cornwall, of Trevarno, Cornwall, who died on Feb. 24, was proved on May 10 by George Percy Bickford-Smith, the son, Lewis John Outway, and Vivian Pearce, the executors, the value of the estate being £80,579. The testator gives £5000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Strutt, Mrs. Emily Venning Isard, and Mrs. Charlotte Bertha Bickford; £1000 and such an amount as will produce £150 per annum, upon trust, for his daughter Annie Bickford-Smith; £50 per annum each to his executors while acting in the trusts of his will and his property called the Young House Estate, at Broadhempston, Devon; and £10,000 to his son Roanden Alfred Henry Bickford-Smith. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his sons, except his son Roanden. Mr. Bickford-Smith makes no provision for his wife, as she is already provided for.

The will (dated June 8, 1890) of Mr. Frederick Peter Obiciini, of Llanfair, Park Road, Beckenham, who died on April 10, was proved on April 29 by Mrs. Charlotte Fanny Coombe, the daughter, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £55,755. The testator gives £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Obiciini, and subject thereto leaves all his property, upon trust, for her, for life or

widowhood, she paying £100 per annum each to his three children. Upon her decease or remarriage, £2000 is to be paid to each of his grandchildren, Mary Florence Coombe, James Frederick Hay, and Doris Obiciini, and the ultimate residue divided between his three children, Florence Hay, Frederick Pearce, and Charlotte Fanny Coombe, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 3, 1898) of Sir William Earle Welby-Gregory, Bart., of Denton Manor, near Grantham, M.P. for Grantham 1857-68, and for South Lincolnshire 1863-84, who died on Nov. 26 last, was proved on May 9 by Dame Victoria Alexandrina Maria Louise Stuart Welby, the widow, Sir Charles Glynn Earle Welby, Bart., the son, and the Rev. Walter Hugh Earle Welby and Edward Montague Earle Welby, the brothers, the executors, the value of the estate being £40,583. The testator gives and devises all manors, advowsons, lands, and premises in the counties of Lincoln, Leicester, and Nottingham, and all other his real copyhold and leasehold property to his son Charles Glynn Earle Welby, his heirs and assigns for ever, but charged with the payment of £500 per annum to his wife. He bequeaths £500 to his wife; an annuity of £500 to his daughter, Emmeline Mary Elizabeth Cust; legacies to servants, and the residue of his personal estate to his son.

The will (dated May 11, 1891) of Mr. George Still Law,

of 2, Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, and of Lincoln's Inn, who died on March 24, was proved on April 28 by Arthur John Goodfellow, the nephew, Commander Harry Dampier Law, R.N., the son, and Daniel Wintringham Stable, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £35,752. The testator bequeaths £50 each to his executors; £20 each to his sisters Selina Frances Law and Katharine Lucia Goolford; the vase presented to his grandfather, the Rev. John Law, D.D., Archdeacon of Rochester, by the Dean and Chapter of Rochester, to his son Harry; and his leasehold house, with the furniture, pictures, and effects therein to his daughter Edith Selina Law. The residue of his property he leaves, as to one fourth, to his son; one fourth each, upon trust, for his daughters Helen Frances Dacres and Edith Selina Law; and one fourth to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter Gertrude Mary Stable.

The will (dated March 14, 1889) of the Rev. James Archer Spurgeon, D.D., of Campbelton House, Whitethorpe Road, Croydon, who died on March 22, was proved on May 8 by Mrs. Ellen Spurgeon, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £36,377. The testator leaves all his property to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated July 31, 1897), with a codicil (dated Nov. 14, 1893), of Mr. William Symington, J.P., of Nithsdale, Little Bowden, Northampton, who died on Dec. 12, was proved in London on May 1 by Samuel Symington, the son, and John Smith, the executors, the value of the estate being £27,828. The testator gives one share in the steam-ship *William Symington* each to his children; £1000 to his lady housekeeper, Annie Mary Laidlaw; £1000 each to his children, William Weldon Symington and Mrs. Lindsay Lloyd; £200 each to his

children, Mrs. Mary Weldon Daw and Mrs. Millicent Janet Goadby; £100 to his son John Weldon Symington; £50 to John Smith; his premises called Askew Hill, at Repton, Derby, upon trust, for his daughter Helen Florence Stephenson Peach and her children; an annuity of £100 each to his children, Mrs. Daw, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Peach, Mrs. Goadby, William, and John; and his shares in the Market Harborough Philanthropic Society and General Dispensary to the trustees of the Market Harborough Temperance Society. The residue of his property he leaves between his children, except his son Samuel, who is in no need of assistance.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1890), with a codicil (dated April 9, 1894), of Miss Louisa Emma Labalmondiere, of 61, Montague Square, who died on Feb. 16, has been proved by Major Henry Cecil Binnsdale Farrant, the nephew, and George Aubrey William Thorold, the executors, the value of the estate being £26,991. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to her cousin, Kenneth Douglas Adams; £100 to her nephew, Captain Julian Labalmondiere; £2000 to Mary Roma Farrant; £300 per annum to her sister, Annabella Labalmondiere; £2000 each to Robert Ronald Ferguson, Harold Stuart Ferguson, and Robert Henry Ferguson; £200 to Major Farrant; £400 to G. A. W. Thorold; and legacies and specific gifts to relatives and friends. The residue of her property she leaves between Mary Roma Farrant, Robert Ronald Ferguson, Harold Stuart Ferguson, and Robert Henry Ferguson.

The will of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Archibald Foord, of Windhofer, Burlesdon, Hants, who died on Feb. 28, has been proved by Mrs. Rachel Spencer Foord, the widow, Arthur Rainbow Mullins, and Peter Wynton Spence, the executors, the value of the estate being £6857.

The will of Mr. Joseph William Morton, J.P., of Louth, Lincoln, who died on Feb. 11, was proved on May 5 by Mrs. Anne Morton, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £542.

The will of Mrs. Janet Anne Bury, of Stoneyleigh, Ewell, Surrey, formerly of Branksome Tower, Dorset, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on May 4 by Francis George Bury, the son and executor, the value of the estate being £5423.

The will of Mr. Frederick Cowper, J.P., D.L., of Carlton Hall, Penrith, who died on Feb. 16, has been proved by Mrs. Alice Rose Cowper, the widow, Frederick William Stoneham, and Reginald Charles Stoneham, the executors, the value of the estate being £9053.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is understood to have sold his share in his Pittsburg ironworks. His fortune of forty millions sterling he intends to devote to philanthropy, a small provision being made for his family. "Who dies rich dies disgraced," is a saying that sums up his views of life. This is the second millionaire who has shown a desire to be rid of the millions, for the late Baroness de Hirsch had a good deal of Mr. Carnegie's spirit. He holds that this distribution of wealth is the only way that millionaires can combat Socialism.

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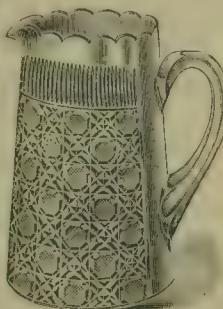
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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Her Majesty the Queen on Monday forenoon came from Windsor to London with Princess Henry of Battenberg, and stayed at Buckingham Palace till Wednesday. On that day, in the afternoon, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Margaret, Princess Christian, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, her Majesty visited South Kensington and laid the first stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum, in the Brompton Road. The Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife were present, with the Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, Mr. Akers-Douglas, First Commissioner of Works, and the high officers of the Queen's Household. The Queen went on to Paddington Station, and returned to Windsor by the Great Western Railway.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse on May 11 went to Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught joined her Majesty on the same day, followed by Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and on Saturday by the Duke and Duchess of York. The Prince of Wales visited the Queen at luncheon on Sunday; the younger Princes Arthur of Connaught and Duke of Albany were with her. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has arrived this week from Germany. The Queen goes to Balmoral about May 26 for a month, with the Duke and Duchess of Hesse and one or two of the Princesses. Yesterday (Friday) evening she had

arranged for a concert at Windsor Castle performed by the Windsor and Eton Madrigal Society.

The Princess of Wales, with Prince Charles of Denmark and Princess Victoria of Wales, on board the royal yacht *Osborne*, in the Mediterranean, arrived at Tunis on Saturday. Their Royal Highnesses, upon the invitation of the French Resident-General, M. Millet, landed on Sunday, and were courteously received also at the palace of the Bey of Tunis. Sir H. H. Johnston and Mr. Lascelles, the Consular representatives of Great Britain, accompanied the royal ladies.

The German Emperor and Empress, after visiting Alsace and Lorraine, have gone to spend a week at Wiesbaden.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Archbishop of York as Assessor, at Lambeth Palace on Saturday, finished hearing the arguments of counsel and the evidence of custom for and against the ritualistic use of incense and of processional lighted candles by the clergyman of St. Cuthbert's Church, Earl's Court, and of a church at Norwich, upon which the opinion of the two Primate will soon be pronounced.

The British Channel Squadron, under command of Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, was at Lisbon on Friday, May 12; the King and Queen of Portugal came to luncheon on board H.M.S. *Majestic*, and our naval officers were officially entertained ashore.

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief, last week visited and inspected the military establishments

and garrison of Plymouth and Devonport. On Saturday he witnessed a night attack by torpedo-boats, with searchlights, upon the harbour forts, defended by Regular and Volunteer Artillery.

At the Central Criminal Court on Saturday Mr. George Raymont Birt, late managing director of the Millwall Dock Company, was found guilty, after several days' trial, of making false entries of dock profits from shipping, in the company's accounts and published balance-sheets, to deceive the customers and shareholders. He was sentenced by Mr. Justice Ridley to nine months' imprisonment with hard labour.

The official inquiry of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, at Westminster, concerning the wreck of the Channel Islands passenger-steamer *Stella* on the day before Good Friday, with the loss of seventy or eighty men, has ended in a judgment that the vessel was not navigated with proper seamanship care, as Captain Reeks, when near the Casquets, in foggy weather, and not keeping the course set, continued full speed without endeavouring to verify his position.

Serious fresh troubles are still apprehended in the Kowloon piece of Chinese coast, opposite to the island of Hong-Kong, recently transferred by lease to the British Government. Chinese rebels from Tung-Kung have invaded the district. The Hong-Kong Government has sent a military force, with Artillery, Volunteers, and Royal Marines, amounting to two thousand men, and four gun-boats, to act against the rebels.

LUCERNE AND ITS LOVELY LAKE.

SUMMER SEASON 1899.

For the assistance of Tourists an OFFICIAL ENQUIRY OFFICE has been opened by the town. Any further particulars may be obtained there, and a complimentary Guide to Central Switzerland, richly illustrated and with Maps, is forwarded, free of charge on written application, to all parts of the world.

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HOLIDAY RAILWAY TRIPS.

LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway announce that the availability of the special cheap week-end tickets issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 19, 20, and 21, to and from London and the seaside, will be extended for return up to and including Wednesday, May 24. On Saturday, May 20, special cheap eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days return tickets will be issued from London to the seaside. Special Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 19, 20, and 21, to and from London and the seaside.

On Saturday, May 20, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque royal mail route through the charming scenery of Normandy, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service, and also by the night express service, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 18, 19, and 20. On Wednesday, May 24, day trips to Folkestone, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, and Eastbourne, and to the South Coast and Home Counties. The Brighton Company's West End offices, 25, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, and the City office, 6, Arthur Street, East, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 17 to 20, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent.

GREAT EASTERN.

From May 1, the Harwich route, in connection with the Great Eastern Railway, has been the shortest to Berlin and North Germany. The Harwich-Hook of Holland route has run hitherto in almost a bee-line, but there has been a slight deviation in this line, between the Hook and Ameland, so that the frontier is the completion of a new railway skirting Rotterdam. It is no longer necessary for the North-German express to touch Amsterdam. Since May 1 this train has run via Rotterdam, Gouda, Utrecht, Amersfoort, Deventer, to Oldenzaal, the Dutch frontier town, and thence on to Bentheim, Rheine, etc., for Berlin, North Germany

and Russia, etc., and by Osnabrück to Hamburg, for Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. For the convenience of passengers wishing to go from North Germany, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden via Harwich and the Hook of Holland, arrangements have been made for a restaurant-car to run between the Hook and Rheine, thus enabling passengers to go direct to Copenhagen, etc. By this route passengers leaving London in the evening arrive at Hamburg the next afternoon, Berlin in the evening, and Copenhagen the following morning. The Great Eastern Railway Company have also arranged through bookings and circular tours covering the finest portions of holiday Norway.

NORTH LONDON.

The North London Railway will run trains every fifteen minutes to and from Chalk Farm for Primrose Hill, Regent's Park, and the Botanic and Zoological Gardens; also between Hampstead Heath and Willesden Junction, and every half-hour to and from New Bridge for Kew Gardens. There will be frequent connections with Earl's Court and West Brompton for the "Greater Britain Exhibition," and with South Kensington and the Imperial Institute; also South Kensington and Natural History Museum, with a special service in connection with the Crystal Palace. A train runs every hour to and from Richmond for Teddington (Bushy Park) and Hampton Court.

GREAT NORTHERN.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that on Friday night, May 19, cheap express excursions will be run for five, eight, and sixteen days to Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Oban, Fort-William, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland, from Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich, London, Victoria (C. & D.), Aldgate Hill, Moorgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), etc. Cheap fast-trains will also be run on Saturday, May 20, for three, six, or eight days from Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E.), Victoria (C. & D.), Aldgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldergate, Farringdon, and King's Cross (G.N.), to Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern District. A cheap trip for one, three, or four days will also be run on Saturday, May 20, for

one, three, or four days to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe from Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), etc. To prevent inconvenience from crowding at the company's principal terminal station, King's Cross, tickets, dated in advance, will be issued at King's Cross (G.N.), Victoria (C. & D.), Aldgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and suburban stations, and at the ticket offices in all the London districts.

GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN (IRELAND).

The lakes and fjords of Kerry, spoken of by Macaulay as "the most beautiful portion of the British Isles," are now more easily accessible than ever, owing to the opening of the new railway line from Cork to Killarney, issued to lakes of Killarney, Glenariff, Lough Leane, Glenar, Valencia, Waterville, Parkavilla, and Kenmare. The grand Atlantic Coast tour affords magnificent views of river, ocean, and mountain scenery by railway and coach for one hundred miles along the South Kerry Peninsula. Tickets are also issued to Killarney, Lahinch, Listowel, and places on the County Clare coast. Breakfast and dining cars on express mail trains between Dublin and Queenstown. An interesting guide is "The Sunnyside of Ireland: how to see it by the Great Southern and Western Railways." On sale at railway bookstalls, price 1s., or post free for 1s. 4d. from R. G. Colhoun, Traffic Manager, King's Cross terminus, Dublin.

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Every year more and more people are finding out the possibilities of Ireland as a holiday resort. Alive to this, the Great Northern Railway (Ireland) have arranged circular tours from London and principal towns in England, embracing all places of interest and most picturesque scenery, and also to the principal frontier towns in Ireland. The Great Northern (Ireland) line runs from Dublin to Belfast, through the finest scenery in Ireland. The tourist has thus every facility for visiting "Tara's Hall," the famous battlefields, and the fine archeological remains of Ireland, the Cross at Kells, the walls and gates and Dominican ruins at Diagheda, Lusk Tower, and countless other famous sights, made available by the Royal Mail route.

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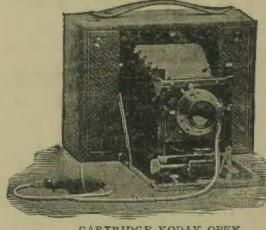
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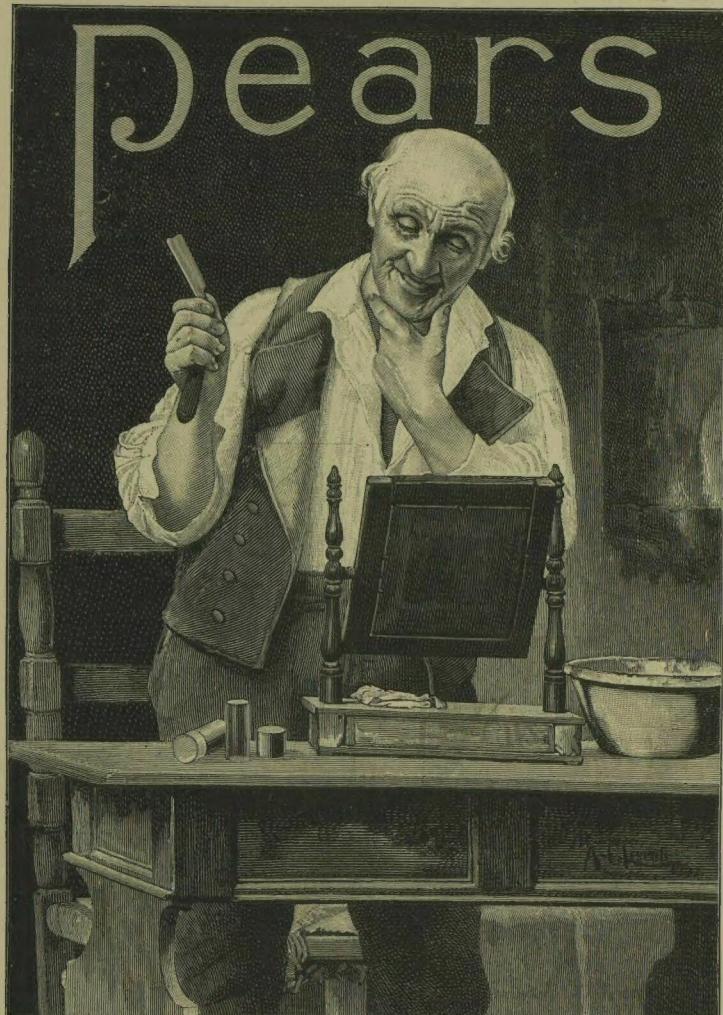
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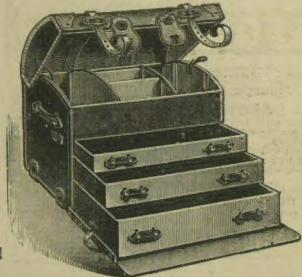
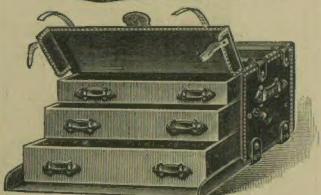
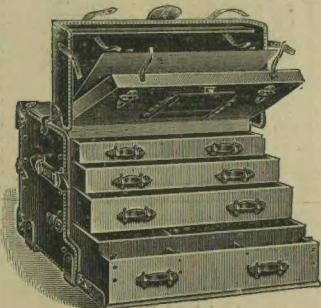
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Evangelicals and Nonconformists are well satisfied with the debate on the Church Discipline Bill. They point out that the advanced party had not a voice raised in their support, that even Lord Hugh Cecil did not defend them openly, and that Mr. Balfour even could get little or no applause save when speaking as a decided Protestant. They point to the crowded House and the intense Protestant enthusiasm, but, what is far more important, they congratulate themselves on the pledge of the Government, which has bound itself to pass further legislation unless the efforts of the Archbishops and Bishops to secure the due obedience of the clergy are not speedily effectual. On the other side, the *Church Times* has nothing to say on the subject, either in its notes or its leading articles. In a sketch of the debate, however, it says that the Attorney-General's amendment was a mere device for giving checkmate to the Bill, and that no further importance needs to be attached to it.

Dr. Moule, in consequence of his appointment to the Norrisian Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge, resigns his post as from Aug. 31 next. The Council has appointed

a small sub-committee to inquire for a suitable successor and to consider and report to the Council on the terms and conditions of his appointment. It will be exceedingly difficult to fill Dr. Moule's place.

The finest Nonconformist church in the country is to be built at Brighton for the congregation ministered to by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, B.A. Mr. Campbell's short ministry in Brighton has been amazingly successful, and it is now proposed to erect a building to cost £70,000 for his ministry. The chief feature of the church will be its magnificent dome, visible from every part of Brighton. One-half of the necessary funds has already been promised.

A Ladies' League has been formed for the defence of the Protestant faith of the Church of England. Among those who have signed the preliminary memorandum are Lady Wimborne, the Duchess of Grafton, the Duchess of Wellington, Viscountess Wolseley, the Marchioness of Northampton, and many more.

The annual meeting of the S.P.G. was one of the best-attended and most enthusiastic ever held. The only disappointing feature was the small number of laymen present.

The most striking speech was made by the Rev. H. Whitehead, head of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta and Bishop-designate of Madras. Mr. Whitehead is universally respected in India, and his words carry great weight. He pointed out that Hinduism and Mohammedanism were being destroyed, but not by the Church. They were yielding to the vast and powerful forces of Western science and civilisation that were being poured into India. The great crisis would be when Hinduism was destroyed as the popular religion. Would the Church in India be prepared to meet it? If so, England must send her very best sons for the difficult work of building up a native Indian Church—work which would demand the devotion of a lifetime. Mr. Whitehead had nothing to say against the short-service system as applied to the Colonies, but he fervently hoped that it would not be extended to the missionary field. What was wanted in India was freedom to develop—freedom for an Oriental Church to develop on Oriental lines.

The Bishop of London has taken up what is called "rescue work" in his diocese. He has received five ladies who have given themselves to this life work into an Order of Divine Compassion.

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